

STORIES, 1806

FATHER AND SON: AN EASTERN MORAL.

ABDALLAH, born in the extreme of poverty, scarcely, by the most assiduous labour, could earn sufficient for his own, and aged father's subsistence. This did not prevent him from marrying the young and lovely *Ismena*. To her he confided the care of his parent, and the humble habita-

tion in which they resided. After the fatigues of the day he returned with the setting sun to his cot, and spending a happy evening in the bosom of his family, divided with them the produce of his toils. *Ismena*, presented him with a son. In the midst of the joy occasioned by his birth,

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Abdallah reflected on the poverty to which this infant was heir. He had hitherto never known what it was to be discontented; nor even then would he have murmured against his fortune, but that he wished his child a happier lot. He perceived it was necessary to acquire some portion of independence, but with his small earnings how could independence be purchased?

Whilst he was employed with these ideas, his mind reverted to his father, enfeebled by age, and rendered incapable of contributing to his own support; for the first time, he regarded him as an incumbrance, and conceived that he alone prevented him from acquiring riches. He, now, only saw in him an infirm and troublesome old man, continually complaining, and exacting the most tiresome attentions. He no longer remembered that he had a right to exact them.

The munificence and humanity of the Sultans of the East had founded public asylums for indigent old age. The riches of these hospitable buildings were converted to every other purpose but the relief of the poor. Avarice had applied to its own uses the treasures destined for the support of the charity. The unfortunate beings who were obliged to seek refuge in these abodes of misery, entered them trembling, and fearful of meeting treatment which would abridge their melancholy days.

Abdallah, who had never seen these retreats without shuddering, now recollected that they were open to his father. Eager to be discharged from the expence and trouble, and vexed at some of the caprices which generally accompany age and infirmities, he announced to him that they must separate.

The old man sighed without replying,

he was too feeble to walk. *Abdallah* took him on his shoulders, and proceeded towards the hospital. The road being long and broken he was obliged to rest, and, having deposited his burthen in the corner of a street, he sat down to take breath.

From the very moment he departed from the house, the old man groaned most piteously, and shed abundance of tears. Suddenly he ceased, and appeared, during some moments, lost in the most profound meditation. In a short time he leaned towards his son, and embracing him, said, "I pardon thee, my son, I have merited this treatment. I receive it as a chastisement from heaven. The Almighty Prophet sees into our hearts, and our most secret movements are known to him. He keeps an exact register of all our actions, and, in time, either recompences or punishes them. It is now forty-five years, my child, since I conducted your grand-father into this VERY asylum to which you are now conveying me. I have been ungrateful, you have become so, and perhaps your son will be the same. We have both learned, and propagated the same lesson, and the effects of it will be visited upon us by the retributive justice of heaven in the inhumanity of our children. What I have been to my father, thou hast been to thine, and so will thy son be to thee. Heaven is just, let us not murmur at his will."

Abdallah heard him with astonishment, a ray of light flashed across his soul; he made no reply, but placing the old man on his back, returned with him to his house. The project he had formed filled him with horror, and he testified his repentance ever after by redoubled care and tenderness.

MRS. BENNET'S "VICISSITUDES ABROAD."

The following Extract is from a Novel published last month, by Mrs. Bennet, the celebrated Authoress of the Beggar Girl, the Welsh Heiress, &c. &c. This Extract forms a part of the History of a Young Lady of great rank and expectations, who has been seduced from her family, and married by an adventurer who assumes the name of St. Herman. Our Readers are introduced into the middle of the story, but it will be found sufficiently intelligible and connected. After relating the circumstances of her marriage, the maledictions of her father, and her own compunctions, she proceeds as follows.

ONE morning, after a week's absence, when I was preparing for my confinement, *St. Herman* entered my apartment in the utmost disorder, and insisted on my writing to my friends at *Paris*, to solicit a remittance.

This was a measure I declared the deepest misfortune should not force me to adopt.

He persisted to urge, declaring, without this resource, he was undone.

I doubted not his embarrassments; they were concomitant to his avocations; but sparing reproaches, which I had reasons enough to know would irritate without reforming, I merely hinted at the sentiments of the family.

How was I acquainted with them? Had I dared to correspond with them clandestinely, as I had with him?

So cruel a reproach dispensed with all delicacy: I mentioned *Julia's* letter.

He insisted on seeing it. I repented going so far, and wished to avoid further vexing an angry spirit; but in vain; he would read the letter himself.

When finished, he laid it down before me. He saw nothing to prevent my asking assistance for myself.

I firmly refused; but if indeed his affairs were so very desperate, the jewels—

"It is vain to deceive you, *Henrietta*," said he; "they are irretrievably gone; and unless I can raise a sum of money within this month, I must not appear but where only I shall meet better fortune. You may have a return before that period; therefore," putting the inkstand before me, "write!"

The scene that ensued beggars description. As I was not to be moved, my remonstrances provoked invectives. The mask dropped; it was not the anger and disappointment of a gentleman; it was the horrid expletives of a ruffian that assailed me. But that spirit which might have been subdued by tenderness, rose superior to brutality. He swore to leave me and my brat to starve, and flung out with this menace.

The tears of my son's nurse, whom I had retained after he was weaned, dropped on his face;

while my eyes, though scorched with anguish, were dry.

Necessaries were wanting in my little family. With visible reluctance she asked me for money. My purse was empty.

When my husband's absence had continued several days, the good creature, having expended all her own little stock, asked what was to be done.

I had pondered over misery in almost all shapes; but actual poverty was so new, so unexpected an evil, that it not only left my mind without resource, but covered me with confusion. I clasped my boy in my arms—"Oh my father!" I cried—"is the malediction already falling on the head of this innocent!"

St. Herman at that moment entered. His salutation was polite, but cold. He expressed some concern at my altered looks; and taking his son in his arms, almost smothered him with kisses. A mother only can conceive what I felt. We neither of us spoke.

He sent for our landlord, and in the insinuating way he well could assume, paid all arrears, with an apology for not doing it sooner; then, laying a pocket-book on the table before me, said it contained sufficient for every thing I could at present want.

He had still the child in his arms. The nurse waited with her eyes fixed on him, fearing, as she afterwards said, all this was a prelude to something very bad.

He soon after gave the child to her, and saying he would request some serious conversation with me after dinner, walked out.

I thought I perceived a smothered sigh; and, affected by his caresses of our child, I endeavoured to be collected against the serious conversation I was bid to expect.

After fortifying himself with more wine than he was in the habit of drinking at home, he asked, if I were desirous of knowing his real history, and without waiting a reply, began.

"I am an Irishman by birth; my father is a man of some rank and fortune, to which I should have

been heir; but he has disinherited me, and perhaps he did right."

I gasped for breath. He proceeded.

"I found it necessary to leave my country, and change my name."

"Gracious God! *St. Herman* then——"

"Is not my real name."

My soul was in tumults. "Monster!" I cried in a voice half choked with astonishment and indignation, "then I am not a wife, and my child is——"

"As you please yourself to consider it," he answered with a still unmoved countenance.

"You remember we were twice married. You are so much a child of nature yourself, that it would not be easy to make you comprehend how it could be managed without your participation; but this, *note down for your own and your son's sake; there are a register and certificate, that, when necessary, will prove our marriage in my legal name.*"

Never was astonishment equal to mine; well might he triumph over my childish inexperience. I knew not so much as the church where the ceremony was performed. I now recollected he had on some pretence, kept the blinds of the carriage drawn up, and that we rode a long way; but it was in vain that I implored and adjured him to put it in my own immediate power to prove the legitimacy of his son. He sternly bade me not interrupt him; and while I sat drowned in tears, and suffocated with resentment, proceeded——

"I repaired to Paris. There are two ways before a man who enters life—perseverance in what they call virtue, which is troublesome—and plunging into pleasure, which is agreeable. I chose the latter."

"Ah, my poor husband!" I exclaimed. He regarded me not.

"The women spoiled me; and I was fortunate at the gaming-table. That scoundrel *Du B.* drained his sister-in-law for the benefit of a set of us, among whom, in spite of ill fortune, he would assort. My plan was a deeper one than simply to win his money. I challenged a fellow who affronted him, and who I knew would not fight, and he introduced me to the favourite as his relation. I happened to possess *agrémens* rather more creditable than the Countess had usually found in her husband's family.

"She patronized and procured me a commission in the *Garde du Corps*; but I had enemies, whose impertinent whispers threatened to make certain discoveries. I was besides deeply in debt. My good fortune at the gaming-table forsook me; and I was on the point of marrying old *Madame Burzet*, and her half a million, when I was struck with the project of returning to my own country,

in possession of the large fortune there was little doubt of *your* inheriting on a petition to the English Government, backed by the interest of my quondam cousin; and this I learned from two Scotch Noblemen, one of whom seemed *struck too*, who said there was not a doubt but, though your father could not prevail for himself, if his heiress had interest, the estates would be restored to her. My cousin, who I am afraid grew a little tired of her relation, preferred this project to that of old *Burzet*. She furnished the needful, and here we are."

Every sentiment of tenderness and esteem thus outraged, you will not wonder that I sat petrified. He drank a tumbler of wine, and went on.

"I brought credentials that would have given me, with such claims, any other forfeited estates in the kingdom; but although it would have been a foolish business to object asking what your father was *refused* for himself, and would not resign to me, I suspected you would be *that fool*; it was therefore wise to prevent your exposing yourself. There is a stubborn, selfish fellow, your father's brother, whom the English Ministers like; but my cousin dare not give me up—so the estate will be mine, or rather perhaps your's."

"Ah my dear father!" I exclaimed.

"He deserves nothing from me," said he, with a provoking *nonchalance*.

"From thee!" cried I with agony.

"Don't be in heroics, child," he continued.

"I have very little more to say; I have given you the worst of myself, to save your friends a great deal of trouble. You are a good sort of quiet little body, too good for *me*; and there may be those who think me a fine handsome fellow, too good for *you*. I shall take all the care of you I can, till you have your estate, when, as it is but right, I shall take care of myself. It has been a cursed long while about; but my agent is so sure of success, that instead of asking for money, as usual, from me, he is anxious to be my banker; and as this," laying his hand on the pocket-book, "is partly your own, I heartily wish you joy."

It would be in vain, were I to attempt an exact description of *St. Herman's* manner through the whole of this long torture of my feelings and patience. He proposed remaining with me; but as I peremptorily declined occupying the same apartment, he sent for a coach, and again departed.

The moment he was gone, my high spirit evaporated. I was seized with successive faintings, and continued several days in the most dangerous state of nervous debility; nor can I to this moment account for that renovated strength that at last restored me to a comparative degree of health.

St. Herman's interest in my heart certainly de-

creased with my respect for his character. There was no softening his horrid history, even though, as he said, it might be the "worst of him." To me he had been an entire falsehood, one deception following another, for purposes that all his barbarous story could not develope.

[We shall here omit some particulars of the narrative of inferior moment, and pass on to the action of the story.—Henrietta had now retired into the country.]

We had not been in the country eight days before the papers were filled with rumours of the dangerous indisposition of the King of France.

My anxiety increased. I dispatched nurse for intelligence, who returned terribly disconcerted, at so late an hour, as alarmed me for her safety.

St. Herman had been at our lodging late the night before. He had brought a man and woman and two coaches with him. His companions waited in the hall. He did not enquire for me, but his object was the Paris trunks; and he raved, the cook said, like a madman, when he did not see them in the usual place. After opening all the drawers, and taking several things out, he went away, imprecating me, the nurse (who he found moved the trunks) and all mankind.

The next morning an execution was put in the lodgings, and bailiffs so beset the house, that, afraid of bringing me into danger, she had walked from street to street two hours to avoid being watched.

"Alas! poor St. Herman!" I exclaimed, "The King is dead, and all is over."

"Yes, Madam," replied nurse, "the King is dead; not our English King, God be thanked! For my part I never loved the French; and indeed, I believe, if the truth was known, my master is no better than a French bite himself, and I can't think how any Christian can pity—Oh God!" she shrieked, "there he is!—we shall be murdered!"

It was indeed his voice, too well known to be mistaken; and, had I not perceived he was intoxicated, my heart would at that moment have been open to his distress.

"I wish," whispered I, "you had left the trunks."

"God be praised, I did not," returned she in the same tone; "they will stop a gap."

His voice became more loud; his wife was in the house, he would not be denied entrance.

The gardener with his man resolutely opposed him. I now distinguished another voice, insisting, in broken English, that Monsieur's lady certainly occupied part of that house.

The gardener denied.

"Let me search," cried St. Herman.

The landlord called for his gun.—An Englishman's house was his castle, and the law his

guard; if the intruders searched his house, it must be with a civil officer by day-light; and if they did not immediately retire, he would send for a constable.

St. Herman was outrageous; but his companion advised a retreat. He spoke low and in French; I could not hear all, but understood they were apprehensive of some pursuit. They soon drove off, and all was again quiet.

The gardener then came up. I found nurse had forearmed him. He apologized for taking the liberty; "but the gentleman himself was so much in liquor, and, begging my pardon, his companion so ill looking—"

In that moment a single low rap renewed our alarm. The gardener encouraged us. He had not reached the door, before it was entered, by first one man, then another. They were sheriff's officers, in pursuit of St. Herman.

Notwithstanding nurse's repeated assurance that she would tell at once, and glad if her master had been there, they were not satisfied till the house was searched, after which they civilly left us.

To expect repose after the occurrences of this evening was vain. Spite of my injuries, spite of the contempt which the duplicity of my husband's character inspired, my heart bled for the unfortunate St. Herman; and I felt the most poignant regret, when I considered that the provident care of my servant, in removing the trunks, had probably deprived him of the means to escape, not only confinement, but what I knew him well enough to feel, would be a still more bitter affliction, *contempt*, from those with whom he had no longer power to associate; and insult, from many who had been slaves to his pride, and hangers on his purse.

[We must here likewise, for the sake of our limits, hasten over some particulars, and proceed to a scene which is brought up with great animation.]

It was the season of the hay harvest. The sun was setting, and the cheerful labourers had just quitted the field. A few, very few steps were enough to fatigue me. I sat down on the hay, while my delighted child bounded round me, and hunted for the few flowers the scythe had spared.

The still serenity of the evening, the dead silence, only broken by distant voices floating on the passing breeze, no moving object near, soothed by degrees the restless anxiety of my soul into a quiet and hopeless resignation; I felt as if in this peaceful spot I could lay down an existence, insupportable to myself, and of value to no earthly being, save the playful infant, who was indeed all that bound me to the earth. It was long since any coincidence of circumstance had brought

to my recollection the happy harvest evenings and beautiful vintage of Lorraine, where Julia and Henrietta were the arbiters of merit, dispensed rewards, and led the dance; remembrance too of my dear father, with a thousand recollected instances of his paternal indulgence, had scarce succeeded, before his malediction filled me, as it always did, with terror; the sweet tear that accompanied the memory of dear Lorraine, suddenly changed into drops of scalding anguish. I clasped my hands together.—“Oh, my best of fathers!” cried I, “deprived of inheritance, an exile from thy native land, reduced to dependence, nothing left to console the widowed heart but one beloved child; was it for her, for thine only child, Oh unhappy Dunbar!”

A movement near, a sort of indistinct sound, half sigh and half groan, alarmed me, I hastily arose. A figure, whose air and character of countenance thrilled every sense, seemed moving to avoid my earnest gaze. I followed; but had not proceeded many steps before I shrieked—“My father! Oh, my father!” and fell senseless to the ground.

Merciful God! what were my sensations when I recovered, and returning sight could discern only “darkness visible,” I listened, but heard only the slow lavings of the river. No star lighted the firmament, no human being was near.

I attempted in vain to rise. A shower had fallen; my clothes were wet; my limbs were stiffened, I was unable to move.

It was only by slow degrees I became collected. I remembered coming to this fatal spot. My father’s image was still present: but, Oh, Almighty God! my boy, my beautiful boy, my innocent cherub, whose auburn curls floating in the air, whose blue eyes, darted the pleasing sensation that animated his agile boundings, were my last recollections, what, Oh! what had become of him? What time can eradicate the misery of that hour from my memory!

Frightful were the figures that now crowded on my brain. I had seen, and no effort of reason, no argument of religion or philosophy with which the idea has since been combated, admitted the smallest doubt, I had seen my father, living or

dead I had seen him, and my child was no longer near me.

I rent the air with cries so loud, so piercing and deep, as, reverberated by the echo, frightened myself.

My brain was on fire; I had just recollection enough to deprecate my father’s malediction in the hereafter.—*Here* my desolation was complete!

Again I made an effort to rise, and again my shrieks resounded through the air. Lights glaring through the foliage, and a confused sound of approaching voices, stopped my breath. Life hovered betwixt a faint ray of hope and deep, deep inexpressible despair.

I heard my faithful nurse in loud lamentations—I heard my name repeated; but, Oh misery, misery! I neither heard or saw my son!

Wild and incoherent were my demands for my child, and no less so were the replies of his foster mother: she instantly concluded what had hitherto escaped me, that he was drowned, and running to the bank, plunged into the river.—Providentially the tide was low, and I had not her loss added to my other calamities.

My mind was a chaos. I would not be removed. My son, my son, was the sole object for which I wished to exist. I implored the aid of heaven and earth; offered rewards, Heaven knows, above my power; called for the commiseration of all who had borne a child, and so interested the bye-standers that the labouring part of the bye-standers were drawn together, torches procured, every part of that and the adjoining meadows searched, and boatmen engaged to drag the river; but day broke on their unsuccessful zeal; and pains, which, while there was a ray of hope I had a resolution to conceal, now encreasing, I submitted to be carried home, and a second time became mother of a living infant; but in my weak and supposed dying state, my soul hanging on my lost boy, she excited no interest in me. If I was prevailed on to swallow nourishment, the motive was to regain strength to search the world for my son. If I submitted to medical prescriptions, still it was not life, but my child that was my object.

ALZADIN:

OR,

THE MAZE OF LIFE EXPLORED.

HAIL, solemn scenes of night, exclaimed Alzadin, as he arose from the couch of his rest and wandered into the garden of roses. Your silent grandeur is more congenial to my mind than all the pomp of wealth. Often as I have breathed your refreshing gales, yet still they waft inspiration, and peace to my soul. How delightful to rove amidst these solitary bowers, attended by heavenly meditation? to contemplate the skies and trace no cloud of darkness; to examine my secret thoughts, and discern no stain of corruption! Innocence! how sweet is thy reward? Thy hand opens the spring of true delights, and spreads a lovelier glow over the face of creation, while the soul of thy votaries, expanded and endowed with celestial faculties, awakes to higher feelings of joy, pure as thyself. Oh! be thou my guide through the bewildering mazes of life! lead me far from the crowded paths of vain pleasure to the solitary abode of peace and virtue! And thou, beloved prophet of God, listen to the prayer of youth; let it sound in thy ear like the pleasant voice of the nightingale, wafted by the gales of night to thy gardens of bliss, while sleep has charmed to rest the songsters of the grove. Send the Angel of Innocence to hover around me; bid him spread his snowy wings over my youthful head, and speak in dreams and visions instruction to my soul.—It is my only prayer, prophet; the only wish my heart has formed.”

“And Allah grants thy demand,” replied, with mild expression, a seraphic voice, that thrilled every spring of Alzadin’s bosom with delight, “his penetrating eye reads the inmost secret of thy soul, and explores the field of thy desires; he has found sincerity on thy lips, and moderation in thy heart, and he smiled assent to thy prayer. Alas! said his holy prophet, a mortal voice invokes thee from the lower gardens of existence; long has man despised thy gifts, insulted thy sanctity, and by his vices exiled thee from guilty earth. Resume thy ancient sway over his yielding soul; descend on the wings of gladness to the garden of roses, and twine around Alzadin’s brow thy flowery garlands: tear asunder the veil of darkness that conceals the true nature of things; expose to his sight the secret springs; whence flow all human actions, and shed upon his soul the fruitful dews of science, knowledge, and virtue!”

He ceased, and Alzadin’s eyes were opened; truth, like the first ray of the rising morn, blazed

upon his soul: the secrets of the universe were unfolded, and the agents of nature stood revealed before him. Lost in wonder and astonishment, he beheld radiant legions of angels clad in celestial glory, guiding with unerring hands the silent operations of nature, and fanning with refreshing wings the panting bosom of exhausted creation. But when his timid looks rose upon the friendly messenger of Paradise, a flood of glory seemed to burst upon his senses and overwhelm his faculties. The mild, though sublime expression of his features, the blushing glow of heavenly youth that tinged his cheeks, the light that darted from his eyes, the snowy splendor of his spotless robe, struck him as with the presence of a god. His knee was bending with adoration, when the youth reproved him gently with a smile, addressing him in these words: “To Allah and his great prophet, belong thy praise, gratitude, and adorations; to me, thy confidence and love. Though blessed with higher powers, though drawing our knowledge from the fountain of all science, though no intervening clouds hide the majesty of Allah from our eyes, we are the servants of man; it is for him that we leave the fields of Paradise, where joy blooms in eternal spring, where delight swells every gale, to descend into this vale of darkness. Behold those radiant seraphim who guide through the deserts of immensity the rolling orbs that deck the firmament; listen to the music of the spheres.—It is for man they shed their rays, and, balancing each other, preserve the harmony of the universe. Contemplate these humbler spirits, placed in a station less lofty, but of equal importance to man. These watch over the birth of empires, and the fall of monarchs; brace them with the vigour of youth, exalt them to the height of prosperity, and, as heaven directs, overthrow the work of ages with a crash that shakes the world, or sink it silently into the grave. Those, born for sweeter employments, expand the bud of human understanding into bloom, and, like the vernal clouds, distil the fruitful showers of instruction upon the mind of man. Some unfold the beauties of nature; tinge, as with the blush of modesty, the snowy brew of the rose, and with the fragrance of their breath perfume her youthful bosom. Others awaken the melody of the grove, and bid the feathered songsters attune their voice to love. For whom do so many angels incessantly toil? For man; for man alone, the first, the noblest of beings when treading the

path of virtue; the last, the most ungrateful when yielding up his heart to the vain delights of vice. And man sleeps, unconscious of the myriads that spread their protecting wings to guard his slumbers, and waft his soul to the delightful realms of dreams and happiness. The regions of air are crowded with spirits, zealous and active in his cause; and, blinded by guilt, he thinks himself a friendless unprotected being! But thou, Alzadin, who hath deserved by the purity of thy heart to contemplate the mysterious agents of heaven fulfilling the august functions imposed upon them by the father of nature, when woes assail thee, (for thou art doomed to wander long on the wide ocean of calamity before thou canst reach the haven of rest and bliss), remember that the just is never forsaken by his heavenly guide, and that a hand mighty to save is ready to snatch thee away from the perils of the storm."

The seraphic youth touched, as he finished, the burning eye-lids of Alzadin, and the glowing vision vanished from his sight; darkness spread her veil before him, and the divine harmony of the spheres expired slowly on the breeze of night.

When light revisited his eyes, he found himself in a stately room, supported by pillars of white marble, and decorated with all the pomp of Asiatic magnificence. His heavenly guide was still at his side, but divested of all his brightness, and concealed under the dress of an officer of the palace. Alzadin soon perceived that his own person had undergone the same alteration, and was about to demand what palace contained them, and the reason of their sudden change, when Alael beckoned him to be silent.

[To be continued.]

FERDINAND DE GUIMARAENS:

A PORTUGUESE TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

DURING the reign of Aliaton, Ferdinand de Guimaraens was the most courageous and most amiable of Portuguese warriors. From his earliest youth, glory had been the first wish of his heart. Although he traversed both Spains, vanquished giants, broke open castles, and delivered fair captives, still the restless warrior complained of not being sufficiently active, but love soon gave another direction to his impetuosity.

One day, as he was traversing the Forest of Tamar, he overtook a knight, who followed the same route, but more slowly. Pleased at meeting a companion, he slackened his pace, and bowed to the Knight. The stranger returned his salute, but at the same time turned his horse to let him pass. Ferdinand inquired whether he was going to Lisbon? "No," answered the stranger. "Am I far from thence," rejoined Ferdinand? "Yes," was the only answer, and the conversation would have ended here, had not our hero felt an ardent desire of continuing it, precisely because the other seemed to wish to avoid it.

After several questions, Ferdinand began to praise the beauty of the arms and the horse of the Knight, who thanked him with great modesty, but in a very laconic manner. Ferdinand was out of temper; he spurred his horse with violence, that he might at least induce the stranger to inquire the cause of it; but the poor animal galloped to no purpose, the silent tra-

veller continued to walk his beast, without even turning his head. In this manner the two warriors travelled for a league.

At last, losing all patience, Ferdinand addressed the obstinate stranger; "Sir," said he, with a tone of pique, "the coldness with which you treat me, proves that you have little esteem for me. I cannot support your contempt; and if you think me unworthy of conversing with you, you will not, perhaps, refuse to break a lance with me."

"I cannot despise you," answered the Knight, without betraying any emotion, "since you are perfectly unknown to me; long conversations are tiresome, but a challenge never displeases me. Let us only make haste, for night approaches, and I intend to sleep far from hence." "I am sorry to detain you," said Ferdinand, with an air of coolness; and, at the same time, preparing his lance, he withdrew to a proper distance, and rushed like lightening on the stranger.

The warriors' lances were broken; their scymetars glittered, and a thousand redoubled blows made their shields resound.

Ferdinand was vain of the beauty of his armour; his breast-plate, of the finest steel, was covered with nails of silver; his helmet was surmounted with a golden cock, that bore a superb plume; the same bird was painted on his shield, with these words, *War and Love*. The blows given by the stranger had already shattered the

ornaments of his helmet, when, enraged at the sight, he quitted the reins of his horse, and, seizing his sword with both his hands, he smote with all his vigour the head of his antagonist. The blow was terrible; but it slid over the steel, and only tore the vizor away; the helmet rolled in the dust. A profusion of auburn hair fell upon the shoulders of the disarmed warrior, a pair of large blue eyes were now turned upon Ferdinand, and easily regained the victory which he fancied had declared for himself. Trembling he let the sword fall from his hand; he alighted, and throwing his helmet away, remained on his knees, overcome with admiration.

Ferdinand was handsome. The fire of courage shone in his eyes; the emotion occasioned by the pleasure of having conquered, and the fear of having wounded his antagonist,—his attitude, his surprise, all conspired to render his appearance more interesting. The heroine looked at him and blushed, but immediately assumed a smile; and, presenting her hand gracefully, "Rise, Sir Knight," said she, "you are the conqueror: it is I who should ask my life of you." "Alas!" replied he, "I feel but too much that mine will henceforth depend upon you." Saying this, he returned her the helmet, and remounting his horse, they pursued their journey without speaking, but not without a conviction that this would be the last time they should fight together.

The lovely warrior was the Princess Elvira, daughter to the King of Galicia; no Knight surpassed her in courage; no female equalled her in beauty; her heart was yet untouched by love.

Ferdinand's fine features, the respect, the love she read in his eyes, occupied Elvira. For the first time she wished to please, and pretending that her broken helmet incommoded her, she hung it on the saddle, that her beauty might shine unveiled upon the enamoured Ferdinand. A thousand questions, a thousand ideas crowded on his mind, but expired unuttered on his lips. His eyes sought Elvira's, but as soon as they met, they were averted with fear and respect. How short was the road to Ferdinand, and even to Elvira! The sun had long since set; night was stealing from them the pleasure of gazing upon each other, when they arrived at the entrance of a magnificent castle.

Summer was the season of the year; the sun, since the first dawn of morn, had shone without a cloud; that day, the happiest of Ferdinand's life, had reanimated all nature; but the exhalations of the burning earth rose in vapours upon the horizon. Afar off were heard the low murmurs of thunder, the trees were gently agitated, and their rustling branches seemed to augur the

fate which threatened them. The sky, involved in darkness, lost at every moment some star; its gloomy vault was rent by lightning; every thing announced the coming storm, and our travellers were unconscious of it, when a sudden clap of thunder illumined the dark turrets of the castle. Ferdinand proposed to seek an asylum in its walls, and Elvira consented; but the draw-bridge was raised, and a moat, wide and deep, defended its entrance. Our Knight sounded the horn, and immediately appeared at the top of a tower, by the light of a shining torch, not a deformed dwarf, such as at that period were kept for pages, but the most beautiful child. In one of his hands he held a lighted brand; in the other he carried a small bow. "Sir Knight," cried he, "I am the owner of this castle; I alone am sufficient to defend it against all the Kings of the earth. With this bow I could conquer the stoutest Knights of the universe. There is, however," added he, smiling, "one method of finding an asylum here.—Two lovers who, at my gates, will swear eternal love, may be secure of becoming my guests. It belongs to you to determine whether you will enter."

At these words Ferdinand looked at Elvira, who, without answering, turned her horse, and slowly re-took the path they had left. Our hero thanked the child, and sorrowful and silent followed his mistress.

The thunder still continued; the lightnings glittered, the winds roared, and the rain fell in torrents. The proud Elvira descended from her horse, and seated herself at the foot of a tree, and notwithstanding the thunder and the storm, she fell asleep, or at least pretended to do so. Ferdinand stood before her; he turned his eyes towards the sumptuous castle where they might have been sheltered from the storm, and without daring to complain, he endeavoured to devise some means of conducting Elvira thither.

While they were indulging in reveries, which perhaps were of a similar nature, the sound of a horn was heard. Elvira rose in an instant; both looked towards the place whence the sound seemed to proceed; and by the flashes of lightning they descried a knight, who blew the horn with all his might. The child soon appeared on the tower, and repeated the same words to the knight which he had addressed to Ferdinand. "Open, open," replied a young damsel, who rode behind the knight; "open quickly—I am Zulmina, and this is my beloved Abindarres; we have long since sworn eternal love."

The bridge was lowered instantly; Zulmina and her lover passed, and the bridge was drawn up after them. Darkness returned; Ferdinand sighed; Elvira dared not sigh, but resumed her seat, and the rain fell faster than ever.

Our lovers awaited the dawn of day in silence: it appeared at last, and scarcely had the morning tinged the east, when Elvira re-mounted, followed by Ferdinand. As they passed before the castle, the happy Abindarres and the tender Zulima were continuing their journey. Both, in the bloom of youth, lovely, refreshed, and charmed with the asylum they had left, bowed to Elvira and Ferdinand, who, wet, pale, and fatigued, gravely returned their salute. "I reproach myself," said Elvira, angrily, "for not having forced my way into this castle. If we return," rejoined Ferdinand, "I promise to spare no means of getting admittance thither."

In fact, the sole idea of conducting Elvira to the castle, occupied his mind; but the windings of the forest of Tomar were so intricate, that he despaired of mastering the labyrinth. He wished to leave some mark on the ground, which could point out the track; but a knight carries nothing but his arms. Love at last inspired him with a device for which he afterwards paid dearly.

He unscrewed all the silver nails which held the various pieces of his armour, and strewed them unperceived upon the road.

Desirous to break their long silence, which she began to find fatiguing, Elvira intimated a wish of knowing his history. Ferdinand related it with a charming sensibility and modesty. He touched lightly on his exploits, and carefully avoided mentioning the fair mistresses he once had.

Elvira, in return, acquainted him with her birth, and the cause of her wandering life. She had fled from her father's court, to avoid the addresses of a knight, notorious for his ferocity—the renowned Rostubald, son of Ferragus. Proud of his birth, gigantic stature, and invincible strength, he had aspired to the possession of her hand; and the King of Galicia, too timorous to offend Rostubald by a refusal, had promised him his daughter; but the young princess, listening only to her aversion, fled from every place where she might chance to meet her detested lover.

The fair warrior's relation added fuel to the fire that raged in Ferdinand's bosom.

During their conversation, Ferdinand had unscrewed all the nails of his armour, which was now about to fall to pieces. But why should he concern himself? Elvira was in every thought, and his only desire was to be able to lead her back to the castle.

They now beheld through a vista of trees a Knight mounted on a fiery courser; who, as soon as he perceived them, galloped quickly onwards. Elvira looked at him, and uttered a loud scream; it was Rostubald. Rivals know each other without having met.

The fierce Rostubald cast a furious glance upon Elvira, and advanced with his drawn sword towards Ferdinand. He was struck, and staggered under Ferdinand's heavy blows; but his arms resisted, while those of his antagonist were easily opened by his sword, which penetrated deep into the bosom of the unfortunate lover, who fell bathed in his blood, and turned his closing eyes towards Elvira to implore vengeance. "Feeble rival," exclaimed the ferocious conqueror; "you trusted to the courage of your mistress; you did not think yourself obliged to defend her. Die, coward,—but first behold her in my arms."

He said, and alighting from his horse, advanced towards Elvira. Despair, rage, and love inflamed the heart of the heroine.

"Do not approach," exclaimed she, "but defend yourself."

Elvira was no longer a woman; it was Mars who in his rage conquered every thing that opposed him. The armour of Rostubald was broken, his blood stained his breast-plate; he paused whether he ought to fly or to treat her as an enemy. At last terror and fury prevailed, he attacked her, and returned all her blows; and the two champions seemed so inveterate that death alone could terminate the fight.

Justice and love triumphed: astounded by Ferdinand's blow, and wounded by those of Elvira, Rostubald could no longer resist the valiant Amazon; he staggered at the moment she felt her vigour diminish; she perceived it, and collecting all her strength, she pressed him with more ardour. He fell on his knees, and begged his life. "No, traitor!" replied the maid; and plunged her sword in his heart.

Delivered from her foe, she ran to Ferdinand, who lay senseless on the ground; knelt by his side, and her burning tears fell upon his wound without affording any relief; his eyes were shut, his mouth half opened; he could scarcely breathe, and his blood flowed abundantly. Elvira endeavoured to stop it, and tore the veil which she wore under her armour to bind up her lover's wound. She laid her hand upon his heart, but nothing could inspire a feeble hope. "Perhaps Ferdinand had breathed his last!" Her mouth approached his to try whether he still breathed; her lips touched his. "Oh! Ferdinand! that kiss restored you to existence! it awoke all your faculties which seemed frozen by the hand of death; you opened your eyes, and transported with joy, Elvira ran to the neighbouring stream and brought you the cooling liquor in her helmet; "Live for me, my friend," exclaimed she, "live for my happiness!" These words gave fresh vigour to your exhausted limbs, you gazed with more than gratitude upon her, you pressed her

hand, and your eyes declared what your lips could not pronounce !”

Elvira was calling for assistance to convey her lover to the next village. “No, no !” said Ferdinand, in a feeble tone, “let us rather return to the Castle.” Elvira blushed, and declared she was ignorant of the way. “I foresaw you would forget it,” replied the wounded knight; “but the shining nails of my armour will guide you thither: I strewed them on the road that I might be able to re-conduct you to the Castle of Love.”

Elvira, who now understood the cause of Ferdinand’s defeat, shed tears of tenderness and affection. Without answering, she cut several strong boughs, with which she made a litter,

placed it upon the horses of Ferdinand and his vanquished rival; and laying the bleeding Knight upon it, followed with the charge, so dear to her heart, the track of the silver nails.

As soon as they arrived, the child appeared as before on the Tower. Elvira did not allow him time to speak; “Open,” cried she, “we will love for ever !” At the words, *for ever*, the gates flew open; Ferdinand’s heart palpitated with bliss as he passed the bridge. The care bestowed upon him by the inhabitants of the Castle, and the tender and assiduous attentions of Elvira, soon restored him to health; and after a month of repose, they thanked the lovely child, and hastened to the court of Elvira’s father, who united them for ever.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

VALERIA; OR THE GHOST ALIVE!

I WAS quartered in a small town of Languedoc, when I received an invitation from a friend to pass the Christmas holidays at an old castle built on the rocks of the Cevennes. Young ladies, officers, and amiable neighbours, composed our cheerful society, and good nature and confidence enlivened our circle. What pleasures we enjoyed! none sought to shine exclusively, and all were satisfied. Various amusements employed the whole of the day; in the evening we gathered around a blazing fire, each related a tale, and as our young ladies were very fond of the marvelous, ghosts and apparitions were the common topics of our conversation. The season, the place, the hour, augmented the terrific effect of those relations; the nights were long and dark; the country buried in snow, and the owls, ancient inhabitants of the crumbling towers, answered each other from the old battlements with loud and monotonous cries. As soon as the stories commenced, the circle became by degrees narrower, the hearers drew close to each other and feigned to laugh, while in truth they trembled with fear: and the speaker often seized with a sudden fit of quaking, remained silent and dared

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not turn his eyes either towards the end of the spacious saloon where he fancied he heard the clanking of chains, or towards the lofty chimney whence he almost expected the ghost to stalk forth.

One of the most amiable members of our society was a young Italian lady called Valeria, who joined to the brilliancy of wit, a mildness and equanimity of temper which nothing could alter; her large black eyes were languid, and her beauty seemed to derive greater charms from the paleness which continually overspread her cheek and even invaded her lips, and when she spoke, it seemed as though a statue of alabaster was becoming animated.

During our terrific relations Valeria shewed more courage than any of our ladies. She did not seem affected, but listened, smiled, and far from doubting the facts, found them very simple and natural. We were piqued at her indifference, and once intimated our surprise; this was her answer:

“I do not wonder, my friends, that such common stories should astonish you, as none of you, perhaps, have ever seen a ghost.”

"You have then seen one?" exclaimed I, hastily. "I have done better," answered she, laughing; "I have been *one* myself, I am still *one*, and it is a ghost that now addresses you."

At these words we all involuntarily shrunk back, but Valeria with her soft and irresistible voice, recalled us, bade us resume our seats, and whilst holding each other by the hand we beheld her with terror, and fancied at every moment we discovered some signs of the other world in her face, she quietly continued her discourse.

It is no fault of mine, my friends, to have died ten years ago; it is a misfortune to which we are all equally exposed: but what is more extraordinary, I have since that period found myself infinitely more happy. It is true that the troubles I experienced during my life, have repaid fully for the happiness I enjoy since my death. It is proper I should relate to you what happened to me until that fortunate instant, and you will then perceive that death alone could ensure me tranquillity in the world.

I was born at Florence, of rich and noble parents, whose only child I was. Proud of his birth, my father lamented every day that he had no son to support his name, and soured by what he thought a disappointment, he thought himself without children because he had no son.

Our palace was contiguous to the house of an old nobleman of small fortune, but much beloved and respected, the Marchese Orsini. He was a widower, and devoted his life to the education of his only son, Octavian. This young man was about my age, and as my father and the old Orsini had served in the same army, they visited each other very frequently, and Octavian was accustomed from his infancy to come familiarly to our house, where my mother loaded him with kindness.

I had not attained the age of fourteen, and Octavian was the chosen friend of my heart; he was so mild, so handsome, and so amiable that I loved him more ardently than a sister loved her brother. To him I confided my pleasures and my pains, and in return was trusted with all his secrets. Before my father and mother we feigned indifference, seemed entirely occupied with play, and even sometimes quarrelled; but as soon as we entered the garden, or the small wood at its extremity, we ceased to quarrel and to play. Octavian spoke only of his love, pressed my hands, and often ventured to kiss my lips, swearing he never would have any other wife than Valeria. I made similar promises, and received without blushing his innocent caresses.

One evening my father found us in a dark retired bower; Octavian was at my feet, holding my hands, and as the fear of being overheard made him speak in whispers, our faces almost

touched each other. My father's anger equalled our terror, he commanded me in a terrible voice to return to my mother; I obeyed trembling; and from a distance I heard him reproach Octavian, and forbid him to enter his house again, and I saw the beloved youth leave our palace in tears.

The next day, as my mother sought to appease my father's anger, the old Marchese Orsini was announced. His noble and serious air, his silver locks and august features, inspired me with veneration; I was sent away, and all that came to my knowledge was, that after a long and violent conversation they parted in a passion, and hatred succeeded thirty years of friendship.

My father surrounded me with spies to watch my conduct, and I was not even allowed to go to church. My health was soon impaired, and I should have yielded to the stings of affliction, had not my mother shewn me the most tender attentions and soothing pity.

Time glided away without softening my sufferings, when one evening after supper I took advantage of the absence of my father, to go and pour forth my griefs in the little bower where all my misfortunes commenced. I placed myself on the same turf where I had been seated near Octavian, and bedewed it with my tears. His ardent protestations of love seemed to sound anew in my enchanted ears; I repeated all my former vows; when, on a sudden, a man rushed into the bower and threw himself at my feet. Terrified, I was attempting to fly, but the voice of Octavian made me return.

"Listen to me," said he, "I have but an instant, and it is the last. This night I leave Florence; my father has obtained a company of horse for me in the Imperial army. War with Prussia has begun; I am going to die or deserve your hand. I will signalize myself in the first campaign; the Emperor will desire to see me; I will throw myself at his feet, and declare our love to him. Joseph is young, he surely has a feeling heart, he will speak in my favour to his brother, the Grand Duke; your father will not dare to disobey, and you will be the reward of valour and constancy: I ask no more than a year, Valeria; promise, swear that during that time you will resist the importunities of your father, and at the end of that period I shall be dead, or worthy to become your husband."

I listened, breathless and palpitating with love, hope, and fear. I swore eternal fidelity. We agreed to correspond through the means of a servant gained over by Octavian, the same who had given him access to our garden: a rustling noise among the bushes obliged us to separate. I tore myself from Octavian's arms, and returned to my chamber, where I spent the night in tears.

During the first ten months which followed the departure of my Octavian, I remained in the same situation. My father treated me with the same severity, and my mother with her accustomed tenderness. The servant gave me punctually the letters he received, and each announced new successes. General Laudhon shewed great friendship for Octavian; he made him his aid-de-camp, and promised to raise him to the first rank.

At the end of ten months I ceased all at once to receive news from Octavian; trembling for his life, but secure as to his constancy, I wrote letter upon letter without any answer. I sent the servant to Marchese Orsini's house, to try adroitly to discover whether any news from him had been received by his father. The answer appeased my fears without lessening my grief. Octavian had written the day before that he enjoyed good health, had been promoted to the rank of colonel, and intended to spend the winter at Vienna with General Laudhon.

At the same period, a cousin of my father's arrived from Germany, and settled himself in our house. He was tall and lean, about the age of forty-five or fifty; his complexion was dark, and his features expressed craft and malignity; his disposition was cold and gloomy; he spoke but of his nobility; he had spent his life, and the little good sense he had received from nature, in reading, studying, and learning by heart all the genealogies of Europe.

This cousin, who was the Count Heraldi, on the first evening after his arrival, asked my father in a tone of indifference, whether he knew where Marchese Orsini lived at Florence. My father frowned, and answered, that he knew nothing of him. "Three weeks ago," rejoined Heraldi, "as I passed through Vienna I dined at the house of General Laudhon, on the day of his daughter's marriage with the son of that Marchese. The young man whom I found very amiable, understanding that I was going to Florence, gave me a letter for his father, and made me promise to describe to his family the pleasures of the marriage feast, and the bliss he enjoys with his bride.

My father frowned again, without answering, and the cruel Heraldi continued to relate how the young lady had fallen in love with Octavian, that the Emperor had deigned to favour the union, and that a regiment had been the dowry of the bride. Notwithstanding my efforts to conceal my emotions, my strength forsook me, and I fell senseless into my mother's arms. A violent fever was the consequence of this unexpected blow. It was long, tedious, and painful, and endangered my life. My mother did not leave me an instant; my father shewed me the most

tender attentions, he passed the night by my side, called me his dearest child, and seemed to have restored his heart to me. This change in his conduct affected me so much, that in a moment of filial tenderness, when he asked me with tears in his eyes, "how his Valeria felt?" I encircled his neck with my arms, and exclaimed, "yes, I am your Valeria; I am your docile child; and the only wish of my heart will always be to fulfil your desires."

These words decided my fate. I had perceived for some time that my father intended to unite me with Heraldi, and he now declared his intention, without enforcing but imploring my obedience. Octavian was married and faithless, I was indignant against him; I wished to avenge myself by loving another, I consented, and gave my word.

The preparations for my marriage were made with a dreadful celerity. My father redoubled his caresses, Heraldi loaded me with presents. —The deed was signed, and I was led to the altar.

With forced indifference I pronounced the painful vow, and after the service left the choir, followed by my family. Heraldi, who could not contain his joy, held my hand, and we slowly marched towards the church door, when, as I advanced to take holy water, I raised my eyes, and beheld a youth, pale and disordered, leaning against a pillar. His eyes were wildly fixed upon me, he approached, and cried, in a faltering voice, "I desired to see you accomplish your horrid crime, Valeria; I have seen it, and am resolved to die!"

He said, and disappeared. I had fainted, I was unconscious of what became of me. Scarcely recovered from a long illness, I relapsed into the most dangerous state. I was continually delirious; the disease rapidly increased, and after a paroxysm of sixty hours, I experienced a sudden weakness, and expired in my mother's arms. That affectionate parent nearly followed me into the grave; my father was in despair; Heraldi lamented the loss of my fortune, but all in vain. I was folded in a shroud, and carried with great pomp to the family vault in the aisle of the cathedral; my coffin was placed on long iron bars, the stone of the vault was replaced, and I remained in the abode of death.

Wild with despair, and thinking himself my murderer, Octavian formed the project of descending into the vault and terminating his existence on my tomb. The evening of my burial he prevailed, through the power of money, over the sexton of the cathedral to accompany him to the church. Furnished with a dark lantern, they raised the stone and descended the steps. As soon as Octavian perceived my

bier, he rushed towards it, burst it open, and tearing the veil that covered me, kissed my faded lips.

O! miracle of love! Octavian's soul recalled mine; my mouth, tenderly pressed by his, breathed a sigh; he felt it, clasped me in his arms, tore me from the coffin, pressed and warmed me on his panting heart; mine awoke to life a second time; I made a slight motion; enraptured with joy, Octavian ascended the steps with his burthen, gained the church door, which the sexton opened, and flew to the house of his father, where I was put to bed, and received every possible assistance.

When I opened my eyes, they met Octavian's fixed with anxious joy upon me; his father was at his side, accompanied by a physician, who answered for my life. I cannot describe what my sensations were: I seemed to awake from a long dream; I was not conscious of my existence, but I knew Octavian; I could not speak to him, but I found pleasure in beholding his features. Three days and three nights scarcely restored me to the use of my faculties; when at last the rest I tasted, and the food I took, made me slowly recover my senses. My recollection returned, I remembered my mother, my marriage, the place where I had seen my lover. I was soon able to listen to Octavian, and to hear from his mouth what had happened to me. The idea of his inconstancy and marriage rushed upon my weakened imagination, and I mentioned his nuptials with the daughter of Gen. Laudhon. Octavian thought I was delirious; the General had no daughter; Octavian had arrived from the army, he was not a Colonel, nor had he passed through Vienna: but having with difficulty obtained leave of absence, uneasy at receiving no letters from me, he had hastened to Florence, bearing a letter from his General which recommended him to the notice of the Grand Duke. He was alighting when he saw me going to church; he had followed me to the altar, and in his grief had resolved to reproach me with my perjury.

I now understood that Heraldi, in concert with my father, had invented that horrid tale, and intercepted my lover's letters. No crime in my eyes equalled the shameful means which Heraldi had too successfully employed: and I was the wife of that monster? to him I was condemned to consecrate my days! That idea plunged me into despair, I regretted my tomb, and wished myself once more in its peaceful bosom.

"Do not fear, my dear child," said the old Orsini; "I come from the Grand Duke; I gave him myself the letter of our brave Laudhon, and related your history. That generous Prince takes you under his protection: he has written to the Holy Father to have your marriage

broken, and I have no doubt but it will be annulled. You are dead to Heraldi, you live for Octavian, and religion and justice will know how to defend you against your tyrants. I have one favour to ask of you, which is, that no one may see you, or know our secret, before the courier's return from Rome; your peace, your happiness depend on this precaution."

Hope returned with these words; I promised what was required of me, and swore I would follow his advice. Octavian was with me. He spoke of his love, of our marriage, and future happiness. My health was fast recovering, and in a few days all that remained of my past sufferings was a paleness which you now perceive—dreadful remains of the tomb, which nothing has been able to alter.

At last the time drew near, and the courier was expected to return from Rome, when an extraordinary event nearly overthrew all our designs.

We were in the holy week, and I grieved in secret, not to be able to go to church in those sacred days, when penitence appeases the wrath of a forgiving God. I dared not mention to Octavian the desire of my heart, but I resolved, notwithstanding the dangers that threatened me, to fulfil so sacred a duty. I took advantage of an instant when I had been left alone, wrapped myself in a large black cloak which concealed my face, and on the Holy Thursday stole out at nine o'clock in the evening. I bent my steps towards the Cathedral, which I found crowded with people; who in profound silence, their eyes bent to the ground, prayed before the altar where the consecrated wafer was deposited. The altar was lighted with a prodigious number of wax candles, while the rest of the edifice was involved in darkness. Concealed behind a pillar I addressed my prayers to the Saviour of the world, and entreated him to watch over her whose only hope was placed in his power and mercy.

Before I left the church, I felt a great desire of visiting the place where I had been buried; but what spectacle struck my sight! I perceived my father and my mother kneeling on my tomb; Heraldi in deep mourning stood by my father, who seemed wrapped up in meditation. My mother prayed and shed abundance of tears; I gazed on her for some time, when on a sudden I saw her lean towards me, lay her hand on the ground, and kiss the cold marble of my sepulchre at the same time she pronounced my name. I could no more restrain my emotions; I fixed my lips on her hand, and sobbed aloud.

The veil that concealed my face was drawn aside by the motion, my mother raised her eyes and recognized her daughter; she uttered a loud scream, called upon me, and extended her arms.

My father and Heraldi knew me also ; the last advanced towards me, and was going to lay his hand upon me ; I was lost when love inspired me. " Stop," cried I, with a voice which I endeavoured to render terrible, " respect after her death the woman you deceived during her life. You alone were the cause of my death : fear the just anger of heaven, and repent !"

I said ; and while Heraldi, frozen with terror, listened without daring to move, I covered my head with my veil and walked slowly towards the church door. The crowd gave way before me, and I gained Orsini's house without having been discovered.

The next day it was publicly reported at Florence, that my ghost had appeared in the Cathedral, and had been seen by a thousand witnesses who knew me. It was added, that having pushed my husband with my hand, my fingers had left five fiery marks on his shoulder. Others declared, that I came to demand justice and accuse Heraldi of murder. The people murmured against him ; he was followed and insulted, stones were thrown at him, and his life was in danger.

The courier returned at last, and brought the brief from the Pope which annulled my marriage, as contracted by fraud. The Duke sent for the old Orsini, and agreed with him upon the measures to be adopted ; and the next morning I went to the palace, accompanied by Octavian and his father. The Prince received us with great affability ; and when it was announced that, according to his orders, my mother, father, and Heraldi were arrived, he concealed us in a closet, whence I heard him address my father in these words :

" Strange means, Sir, have been used to marry your daughter to a man she could not love. Your repentance has avenged her wrongs, and the tears I perceive in your eyes satisfy me I have no need of reproaching you with your cruel behaviour towards her. Death has broken those fatal ties ; and if by a miracle, which the people believe, your daughter enjoyed again the light of day, her marriage would be void. Here is the

brief of his Holiness, which declares it so ; chuse, then, Count Heraldi, either to begin a law suit against me, or to sign a renunciation of your fraudulent rights, and depart immediately for Vienna : my protection will follow you there ; and you will restore tranquillity to my capital, where your presence excites disturbance."

Heraldi made his renunciation in the terms dictated by the Grand Duke. Then taking leave of his Imperial Highness left Florence immediately.

" This is not all," said the Grand Duke to my father, " your daughter lives ;" a scream from my mother interrupted him, " you will see her again," continued he, " but your daughter cannot live happy unless she becomes the wife of the young Orsini. It is he who tore her from the grave ; it is in his house that she is : gratitude, paternal love, Valeria's fame, compels you to consent to that marriage. If my prayer adds weight to those powerful considerations, I ask Valeria for Octavian ; he deserves her ; he has obtained the esteem and friendship of General Laudhon. Consent to this happy union, and I promise a regiment to your son-in-law, and will obtain for you the order of Maria Theresa."

My father did not hesitate an instant ; and my mother, bathed in tears, asked to see her darling child. I could not wait any longer, but opened the door and rushed into my mother's arms.— The joy of my parents was as violent as their sorrow had been ; they pressed me to their hearts, and loaded with caresses Octavian and his father.

We all threw ourselves at the feet of the Grand Duke, and were at a loss for words to express our gratitude. My nuptials were celebrated in his palace ; and since that moment I have endeavoured to please my husband, and the venerable Orsini, who loves me as his own daughter. My father restored me to his love, and my days have glided away embellished by friendship, love, and gratitude ; and I give thanks to Heaven for having withdrawn me for a short while from the world, that I might enjoy uninterrupted happiness.

THE MAZE OF LIFE EXPLORED.

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At that instant the lofty doors were slowly unfolded, and the sublime Commander of the Faithful, the powerful Sultan of the East, stood on the marble threshold. This was the chamber of his rest when, refreshed by the perfumed waters of the bath, he came to seek retirement and peace. There he listened often to the solemn breathing of meditation, and swelled the note of prayer: and oft cool slumbers stole upon his senses, while dreams of delight, lingering amid the bowers of the past, shed from their waving wings the dews of memory upon his brightening soul. But his hour of peace had fled, like the light summer breeze that sighs before the storm; care rufled his features, and darkened the lustre of his countenance; he cast a pensive look upon Alael, and no ray of surprise beamed in his eye. "Omar," exclaimed he, addressing the unrevealed angel, "have the dictates of my will been heard with obedient ears? have the children of the faithful grasped the scymetar of death, and spread the fame and glory of our holy Prophet among the blind tribes of error and ignorance?"

"Son of the powerful," answered Alael, prostrating himself on the marble pavement at his feet, "whose smile sheds life and bliss on true believers, whose anger shakes the thrones of heathen rebellious nations; joyful sounded the voice of thy command in the ears of thy people: they rushed to arms, and the earth shuddered at the threatening thunder of their battles. But wherefore do clouds of care roll over thy darkened brow? the arm of the Prophet has crushed the enemies of his holy law, and yet sighs are frequent in thy breast, and the light of gladness has forsaken thine eyes?"

"Mesrour," replied the Sultaun, "sunbeams oft gild the cloud in whose dark bosom swells the storm! the shouts of triumph are pleasant, but the cheering voice of happiness is sweeter still to my soul. Alas! it sounds no more to gladden my heart; the garden of human felicity unfold

no fresh blossom of pleasure; and the brightest flowers my hand delighted to cull have all withered away; they shone awhile, and faded like the stars of night when the wing of darkness shrouds the brightest of their brows, and the gloom of destruction surrounds the bewildered wanderer. The bloody smiles of conquest, the rays of glory that blaze afar over the field of death, cannot awe into silence the voice of boundless desire that calls for new bowers of bliss, and fresh-flowing streams of delight. I grasp the sword of power, the robes of grandeur infold my limbs, and nations bow obedient before me; but Friendship bends her lonely footsteps towards the cottage of the poor, and denies me her cheering smiles; Love mocks the ruler of empires, and flies on the swift pinions of hope to lands of liberty and promised enjoyments!"

"Let not the flower of eastern wisdom," answered Alael, "yield to the baneful blast of disgust, and droop withering on the soil of discontent. Has Hope lost her thousand hues and soothing notes? behold, she points to a path untrodden before, and little known by the children of men. Follow me, Commander of the Faithful, I will unlock the gates of true happiness, and the pure joys of virtue will flow refreshing to thy soul. But grant, O son of the Prophet! the request of thy slave; let the youthful companion of his toils, descend into the gardens of thy pleasures, it is there the voice of the Prophet has declared the veil of blindness should be torn from thine eyes, and the burning thirst of thine heart allayed. O Son of the Prophet, grant the request of thy slave!"

He said; and like the morn peeping from her cloud of mist, his brightening eye flashed forth celestial glory. As the bending bough that sighs to the rushing blast, the lofty soul of the monarch yielded to the resistless impulse of heaven, he nodded assent, and descended the marble steps that led to the orange walks and myrtle bowers of the blooming Eden of the Se-

raglio. Alael and Alzadin followed the path of his footsteps: silence hovered around them, and the pale beams of meditation softened the sparkling lustre of their eyes.

The blushing flowers of spring shook their youthful heads in the breeze of morn, and spread their wild luxuriance of beauty over the thickening verdure that clothed the lawns, while their dewy breath perfumed the gale, and ravished the senses of man. The eyes of majesty alone wandered unmoved amid the living treasures of nature. In vain the rose, the love of the bard of the night, whose charms inspired the nightingale's melting lays, unfolded her virgin bosom, her timid blush awoke no glance of admiration in the monarch's eye. But thou, Alzadin! thy heart kindled with delight, and in the timid blushing flower that concealed her brow amidst the thorn, thy ardent imagination beheld the youthful virgin of thy love, the fairest of Georgian maids, the blooming Zalmaida, clinging to her mother's breast, and hiding in her clasping arms the lively glow that betrayed the emotions of her soul, when thy lips pronounced the oath of eternal love! and where, Alzadin, does the maid pour the dew of grief, and mourn for thy absence? What vale resounds with thy name beloved? What hill lifts her above the clouds of heaven to watch thy returning footsteps?

But hark! is it the voice of the genius of the grove that moans at the dark gathering of a storm? plaintive flows the murmuring sound; it is like the melancholy strains that saddened the radiant seraphim of heaven, when the angel of power drunk with the wine of pride and disobedience, rebellious Eblis, fell precipitate from the throne of the only one, for ever banished from the blissful plains of paradise, and bent under the weight of Almighty wrath.

The mournful sound arose from the shady bosom of a bower that crowned the swelling brow of a neighbouring hill. Alzadin heard it as the voice of times that are past, when it sighs on the soul of the lonely son of prayer, and awakes the slumbering eyes of memory. Wild were the emotions of his heart, the light of expectation flashed from every glance, when he rushed towards the bower of complaint; but the commanding voice of the Sultaun repressed the rapidity of his steps, and obedience checked the burning ardour of the youth.

"Nations acknowledged my sway," exclaimed the bursting grief of the monarch, "and the whispers of my will were heard with obsequious reverence, as the thunder of heaven when its awful voice proclaims the wrath of God. No lip uttered the words of censure; and the bright stream of praise rolled its tributary waters around the tree of my pride. But now the lord of nations is insulted by the rebellious clamours of ingratitude and treacherous friendship. The worm, raised by my protecting hand from the dust of humility, warmed with the beams of wealth, and fed with the luxuriant foliage of pleasure, now refuses to spin the silken cord of happiness for his imploring monarch. As the bird of spring, whose strains of harmony hail the first sunbeams of a cloudless sky, but trembling expire on the swelling blasts of an approaching storm, the deceitful seducer of my bosom poured the song of gladness, while the star of happiness looked down upon me from her celestial path; but when the lightening of desire flashed across my soul, and the gloom of disappointment lowered upon my eyelids, he shrunk back with silent terror, and denied the boon of felicity which his hand could bestow, or the arm of my power tear from his rebellious grasp."

"I hear the groaning voice of complaint," exclaimed Alael, "it floats on the sighing gale that waves the yielding-boughs of the bower of the hill. Thy heart, O Sultaun! is not the only dwelling of woe; the bosom of man is always open to the unwelcome guest; but virtue can turn the frowns of his rigid brow into the peaceful smiles of patience and resignation. Listen to the melancholy sound of thy brother's grief, it will soothe thy pangs, and breathe tranquillity into thy troubled soul. It will be soft and pleasant as the voice of man to the wanderer of the seas, when his ship has sunk beneath the storm of night, and buffeting the roaring anger of the waves, he feels the rising shores of lands unknown, hears the well known call of his friend, sole companion of his unexpected escape, and learns that Heaven has not left him solitary on the rocks of darkness, fear, and desolation.

[To be continued.]

AROEKE; OR, FEROCITY SUBDUED BY AFFLICTION.

IN one of the nations of North America, a young heroine lived named Arokee; of invincible courage, unwearied in fatigues, insensible to pain, and resistless in action, she was the admiration of the Indians for those qualities which they themselves possess in so extraordinary a degree. But amidst her good parts, there was an irreclaimable wildness, a savage unappeasable fierceness, which broke out in occasional excesses, and threw her into situations of difficulty and sorrow.

Early in life, in a moment of thoughtless frolic, or sudden displeasure, she had shot an Indian

who passed unsuspectingly at a distance; and it was with no great facility her friends, by condolence with the family of the sufferer, and by numerous presents, were able to avert the effects of an act of such wanton atrocity.

A party being about the same time detached on a secret warlike expedition, Arokee soon seized an opportunity of pursuing them. She traced their footsteps for a considerable time, till all signs of their route failing her, she proceeded at hazard; sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, she thus traversed an immense extent of country, unappalled by dangers, insensible to

fatigue, and regardless of hunger. She pursued her journey with more vigour than care, and the effects of travel beginning to appear, one day having sunk into slumber, when she awoke she found herself to be discovered, and in the hands of an unknown tribe. Seeing escape impracticable, and her weakness greater than she had hitherto felt, she resigned herself to her fate.

Such an incident is not an extraordinary circumstance to an Indian. The strangers admired her person and manners, committed her to the charge of a particular family, and Arokee became soon as familiar and known as among her own people; she partook in their diversions, their hunting, and their warlike excursions; adopted into the tribe, a connection was speedily formed for her, and she was united to a young warrior after their nuptial rites.

This more regular life was soon broken by an event in which her ferocious temper was strongly exhibited. A sudden alarm one day reached the village that a small party were surprised by an enemy at no great distance. Arokee, roused at the word, rushed with the rest to the scene of action, and plunged with blind phrenzy into the midst of the battle. This accession of strength soon decided the struggle. On the part of the victors much extravagant and barbarous exultation succeeded, shouting over their dying mangled foes, torturing their bodies, and wallowing in their blood. But the triumph of Arokee was momentary; she quickly perceived the wounded and dead to be the people of her own nation, and beheld among the prisoners her own father. Confounded and abashed, she shrunk from them; she felt a reproaching sensation in her breast, an uneasy dissatisfying conviction of her guilty and unhappy condition. In the evening she learned her father was sentenced to death; her distress increased, and she resolved to rescue him from so wretched a fate.

The night had no sooner laid all in slumber and security, than proceeding to her father, she drew him away with mute violence, urging him with a meaning and distressed earnestness. He complied with a stern and unmoved deportment. They penetrated the neighbouring forest; each continued in silence to traverse the gloomy wood, till on the opening of day, being far advanced, the parent of Arokee at length burst forth in reproaches and expostulations, and exposed in a

strong light the ignominy and atrociousness of her offences; he could not take back to his native tribe her who had been its open enemy, whose arm had on more than one occasion taken away the lives of its members. His anger and his grief, his sense of public justice, and the honour of his family, were wound up to such a degree, that he was on the point of sacrificing his daughter to these motives, when they were suddenly interrupted by a band of Indians who broke unawares upon them. Arokee almost immediately beheld her father stretched at her feet; she, however, defended herself with such fury, such force and effect, that she was suffered to escape without much pursuit.

Arokee now pressed on in a new direction, intent upon avoiding her pursuers and enemies, like a heart that trembles at every motion; she fled with that alarmed expectation, with that uneasy apprehension which a heart naturally fearless is sensible of when guilty and pursued. The miserable end of her father, which she had partly occasioned, and had so lately beheld, was deeply sunk in her mind; nothing appeared to her but again to encounter the perils, the fatigues, the privations of an undetermined, unprovided vagrancy, and that into remote and strange territories. She was excluded from her native tribe by hostility and blood; from the tribe that adopted her by betraying its confidence; and from a third by open warfare. Where could she turn but find either enemies or the allies of her enemies. Here was nothing but the lot of a fugitive and outcast, upon whom the blood of friends and relatives called for satisfaction and justice. Agitated by these sentiments, harassed and worn, hungry and fainting, for many months she roved chiefly towards the south, merely kept alive by precarious and unfrequent supplies of food. Wearied at length, she was content to trust to the hospitality of a small European plantation, far from the parts to which she had been accustomed, to live in a humble capacity, a restrained and sedentary life.

The planter frequently related her history to his children and the neighbouring Indians who visited him, for their amusement and instruction, and to shew that an evil and depraved conduct is productive of nothing but sorrow and distress.

PIERRE.

A GERMAN TALE.

IN a village of Franconia, dwelt a peasant named Pierre. He possessed the richest farm of the country. Three daughters and three sons, which he had by his wife Theresa, were married, and inhabited his house with their respective families. Pierre, at the advanced age of eighty, and Theresa seventy-eight, were beloved and respected by their numerous children, whose most ardent wish was to prolong their days. As they had passed a life of sobriety and industry, they were not afflicted with infirmities in their old age; contented with themselves, happy, and proud of their family, they returned thanks to God, and blessed their children.

One night, after the toils of the harvest were over, the good Pierre, Theresa, and their family, reposed themselves, seated on the turf before the door of their habitation, admiring the sublimity of a fine summer's night, which the inhabitants of cities are strangers to. "See," said the old man, "how the sky is illumined with brilliant stars. The moon, hid behind those poplars, sheds a pale and trembling light. The wind has ceased to blow, and the tranquil trees seem to respect the slumber of the birds. The linnet rests its head within its wing. The turtle dove reposes with his mate in the midst of their young ones, who have yet no other covering than their mother's wing. The profound silence is only disturbed by a plaintive and distant cry, that strikes the ear at intervals. It is the owl, image of the wicked, he watches while others are wrapped in sleep, he incessantly complains, and fears the light of day. O my children! be always virtuous, and happiness will attend your steps. For sixty years your mother and I have enjoyed peace and felicity, but may none of you purchase it at so dear a price."

At these words some tears fell on the old man's cheeks. Louisa, one of his grand-daughters, who was about twelve years old, ran and kissed him. "Grandfather," said she, "you give us so much pleasure when you tell us some pretty story! judge how much we should enjoy the relation of your own! it is not late, the night is fine, and nobody wishes to sleep." All Pierre's family joined their entreaties, and formed a circle round him. Louisa seated herself at his feet, and commanded silence. Each mother took on her lap the child whose cries might have caused an interruption; all remained listening; and the good old man, caressing with one hand Louisa,

and with the other pressing that of his wife, thus began his history:

Many years have passed away since I was eighteen, and Theresa sixteen. She was the only daughter of Aimar, one of the wealthiest farmers of this country. I was one of the poorest peasants of the village, which I only became conscious of when I fell in love with Theresa. I exerted all my efforts to extinguish a passion that could but make me unhappy, as I was very confident that my poverty would be an invincible obstacle to my union with Theresa; and that I ought to renounce her, or seek some means of enriching myself, for that I must have left the village where Theresa lived; this effort was too much, and I preferred offering myself as a servant to her father.

He received me; you may judge with what alacrity I laboured. I soon became the friend of Aimar, and I still sooner gained the friendship of his daughter. You, my children, who have all married from affection, know how those who love, delight in seeking each other, and what we feel when once the heart is given. Theresa loved as much as she was beloved, I thought of nothing but Theresa; I lived near her, I saw her every day, and I thought this happiness would last for ever.

But I was soon undeceived;—a rich farmer came from a neighbouring village to ask Theresa in marriage. Aimar visited the corn fields of him who wished to be his son-in-law, and after having explored his possessions, decided that this man suited his daughter, and the marriage was fixed.

Our tears were of no avail, the inflexible Aimar told Theresa, that her gloominess displeased him, and she was compelled to conceal her tears. The fatal day approached, we had lost all hope; Theresa was about to become the wife of a man she detested. She was certain it would cause her death, I was determined not to survive her, flight was the only alternative, we left Aimar's house, but heaven severely punished us.

Theresa and I left the village in the middle of the night; she mounted on a little horse, that had been given her by her uncle, and which I decided she might take with her, as it did not belong to her father. A bundle of clothes, some provisions, and a small sum of money, the savings of Theresa, composed the whole of our fortune. Having robbed Aimar of his child, I

scrupled to take any thing from his house;—thus youth makes virtues of her own.

We travelled all night. In the morning we found ourselves on the frontiers of Bohemia; being out of the reach of pursuit, we stopped in a valley, by the side of one of those little rivulets which lovers are so fond of. Theresa descended from her horse, and we seated ourselves on the grass. We made a frugal but delicious repast, after which we occupied ourselves in considering what we should do.

After a long conversation, and having counted our money more than twenty times over, and estimated our horse at its highest value, we discovered that all our riches were not worth more than twenty ducats. Twenty ducats could not long support us. We at last decided to go to some large town, where, if pursued, we should be less easily discovered, and to get married as soon as possible. After these wise resolutions we took the road to Egra.

On our arrival we entered the first church and were married. We gave the priest the half of our treasure, and never was money spent with a better heart; it seemed as though all our troubles were at an end, and we had nothing more to fear; all went on very well for about eight days.

At the end of that time our horse was sold, and at the expiration of a month we had nothing remaining. What was to be done? What was to become of us? I only knew the rustic labours of the field; and the inhabitants of great cities lay little store by the art which gives them bread! Theresa was as unskilful as myself; she suffered, she trembled for the future, and we mutually endeavoured to conceal our internal feelings from each other. At last, having no other resource, I enlisted in a regiment of cavalry, which was in garrison at Egra. The bounty I received was given to Theresa, who took it with tears.

My pay was sufficient for my support, and the little works done by Theresa (for necessity had instructed her), gave her the means of subsistence. A child came to bind faster the ties of love. It was you, my dear Gertrude! we looked on you, and thought you would be the comfort of our latter days. At the birth of each of our children we have said the same, and never have been deceived. You were sent to nurse, as my wife could not suckle you; she passed the day by the side of your cradle, while I, by the most exact observance of my duty, endeavoured to acquire the esteem and friendship of my officers.

Frederic, my Captain, a young man of twenty, was distinguished from the other officers by his mildness and handsome figure. He had shewed me marks of friendship, and I related to him our adventures; he saw Theresa, and was interested

in our fate; every day he promised to intercede with Aimar for us; and as I depended intirely upon him, he had given me his word that he would restore me my liberty as soon as he had appeased my father-in-law. Frederic had already written to our village, but had received no answer.

Time glided away; my young Captain still manifested great friendship for us; Theresa, however, became every day more melancholy, and when I asked the reason, she spoke of her father, and always endeavoured to change the conversation. I was far from suspecting Frederic to be the cause of her grief.

This young man, in all the ardour of twenty, had seen Theresa with the eyes of love, and his passion conquered his virtue. He was well acquainted with our distresses, and knowing how much we stood in need of his assistance, dared to make dishonourable proposals to my wife; she rejected them with indignation, but conscious of my violent and jealous disposition, kept this fatal secret from me, while I, too credulous, praised every day the generous friendship of my Captain.

One day, as I was returning home, I perceived Aimar before me; judge of my surprise! "I have found you then, vile ravisher," exclaimed he, "restore me my daughter, give me back the happiness you tore from me, in return for my friendship." I fell on my knees before him, and patiently allowed the first burst of his anger to pass. My tears appeased him, and he consented to listen to me. "I do not pretend to justify myself," said I, "the harm is done; Theresa is my wife, my life is in your hands, punish me, but spare your child—your only child; do not dishonour her husband, do not make her die with grief. Forget me, and only think of her." In saying these words, instead of conducting him to Theresa, I led him to the habitation of your nurse, my child.—Come, added I, come and see another who also implores your pity.

You were sleeping in your cradle, Gertrude! your fair face expressed innocence and health. Aimar looked at you, his eyes filled with tears, I took you in my arms, and presented you to him. Here is also your daughter, said I; you awakened, and, as if inspired by heaven, instead of crying you smiled, and extended your little arms towards the old Aimar, you seized his silver locks, and approached your face to his. The old man covered you with kisses, pressed me to his heart, and, still holding you in his arms, exclaimed, "come, my son, let us seek Theresa." You may judge, my children, with what joy I conducted him to our house.

During the way I thought that the sudden

appearance of her father might too much affect Theresa. With the intention of apprizing her, I ran before Aimar. I opened the door, and beheld Frederic on his knees before Theresa, who was obliged to use force to disengage herself from his passionate grasp! scarce had this spectacle struck my eye, than my sword was plunged into the bosom of my Captain, and he fell bathed in his blood! his cries alarmed the neighbours, the guard arrived, my sword still reeked with blood, I was seized, and the unhappy Aimar arrived with the crowd to see his son-in-law loaded with irons. I embraced him, and recommended to his care my child and wife, who had fallen senseless, I kissed you, my Gertrude, and followed my comrades, who conducted me to a cell.

There I remained two days and three nights in a state which you may easily conceive. Ignorant of what had passed, knowing nothing of the fate of Theresa, I only saw my jailor, who answered all my questions, by assuring me that I could not remain long without being condemned.

The third day, the doors were opened: I was desired to leave the prison; a detachment awaited me at the door; I was surrounded, and conducted to the square where we used to be exercised. At a distance I perceived the regiment approaching. I saw the terrible instrument of death. The idea of having arrived at the height of misery restored me my courage: with a convulsive energy I quickened my steps; my tongue unconsciously pronounced the name of Theresa, I sought her with my eyes, and regretted her absence; at last I arrived at the fatal spot.

My sentence was read, I was given into the hands of the executioner; I expected the mortal

blow, when piercing shrieks suspended my fate. I looked, and saw a spectre, half-naked, pale and bloody, exerting all his efforts to press through the soldiers by which I was surrounded. It was Frederic! "My friends," cried he, "'tis I that am guilty! 'tis I that deserved death! My friends, forgive the innocent. I wished to seduce his wife, he punished me, he was just: you are monsters if you dare take away his life!" The Colonel ran to Frederic, tried to tranquilize him, and shewed him the law by which I had been condemned, for having raised my hand against my officer. "I was no longer his officer," cried Frederic, "I had given him his freedom; here is his dismissal, signed the day previous to this unfortunate catastrophe, he is not subject to your laws." The astonished officers assembled; Frederic and humanity defended my rights; I was re-conducted to prison; Frederic wrote to the minister; accused himself, and obtained my pardon.

Aimar, Theresa, and I threw ourselves at the feet of my deliverer, who confirmed the gift of my liberty, and wished to add money, which we refused. We returned to this village, where the death of Aimar has left me sole master of his possessions, and where Theresa and I will finish our days in peace and happiness, surrounded by our children.

All Pierre's family had pressed around him during his recital. He had ceased speaking, and they still continued to listen, while tears bedewed their cheeks. "Be comforted," said the good old man, "Heaven has repaid all my trouble with your love." In saying these words he embraced them, and all the family retired to rest.

April 17, 1806.

E. R. R.

THE HUNGRY ARAB.

A TALE FROM THE TOHFET AL MOJAILIS.

AN Arab, who was travelling through the desert, was almost exhausted with hunger and thirst, when he unexpectedly perceived a man who had spread his cloak upon the ground and was taking his repast with an excellent appetite. The Arab saluted him, according to custom, and sat down beside him. "Whence comest thou?" asked the stranger. "From the village," replied the famished Arab, hoping that he should be invited to partake. "Hast thou seen my house?" continued the former. "Yes," answered the Arab; "it is beautiful and magnificent; its roof reaches to the sky, and its courts are delightful as the plains of Paradise."

Hast thou seen my shepherd's dog?

O, yes! He watches thy herds and thy flocks with such vigilance that not a wolf dares to approach them.

Hast thou seen my son, Chalid?

Yes; he was at school, and was reading to his master in the Koran with great fluency, and in a most impressive tone.

How is Chalid's mother?

As well as thou canst wish; and there is not a creature, either male or female, in all Arabia, who manages a house better, or can weave more skilfully, or bears a higher character for mildness and benevolence.

Hast thou also seen my camel, that carries our water?

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Yes ; it is in the best condition.

The man hearing all this welcome intelligence concerning his wife, his son, and his property, was so rejoiced that he began to eat with still greater appetite, but offered the languishing Arab not a single morsel. This unfortunate wretch, tormented with the pangs of hunger, was now ashamed of his flattery, and said to himself, " I must attack this covetous and insatiable fellow in another way " At this moment a dog came up ; allured by the smell of the victuals, he stood still and wagged his tail.

" Yes," said the hungry Arab, " if thy dog were still alive, he would have wagged his tail exactly in the same manner."—Alas!" exclaimed the man, " is my dog dead ? How did he perish?"

By drinking the blood of thy camel ! said the Arab.

What ! did my camel die too ?

No, replied the Arab, they killed it for the funeral dinner of Chalid's mother.

O, heavens ! is Chalid's mother dead ?

Yes, answered the Arab.

Of what disorder did she die ?

Of what disorder ? she struck her head with such violence against Chalid's tomb, that she died of the wound.

What ! my son dead too ?

A violent earthquake demolished thy house, said the Arab, and he was buried beneath the ruins.

Grief and horror, at this melancholy intelligence, deprived the stranger of his appetite ; he ceased to eat, rose from his repast, left his provisions behind him, and hastened home with all possible dispatch, while the hungry Arab sat down and regaled himself.

THE PREDICTION.

AN AUTHENTIC TALE.

AN Austrian officer, the Baron von W——, who served in the Szekler, in the last war with the Turks, lived a few years since at B——. He was fond of relating the different extraordinary events of his campaigns. From the number we select the following anecdote, which is given in the Baron's own words:

In the spring of the year 1788, I set out from Miciosvar in Transylvania, to conduct a number of recruits to my regiment, which then lay in the vicinity of Orsowa. In a village near the army lived a gipsy who carried on the trade of a sutler. My new soldiers, who were extremely superstitious, asked her to tell their fortune. I laughed at them, and at the same time held my hand to the gipsy.

"The 20th of August," said she, with a very significant air, and without adding another syllable. I wished to obtain some explanation, but she repeated the same words; and as I was going away she called out to me in the same tone,— "the 20th of August." It may easily be supposed that this date remained impressed upon my memory.

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We joined the army, and shared its fatigues and dangers. It is well known that in this war the Turks gave no quarter. Their chiefs offered a premium of a ducat for every head that should be brought into the camp, and neither Janissaries nor Saphies neglected any opportunity of earning this reward. This arrangement was particularly fatal to our advanced posts. There was scarcely a night but what the Turks came in superior numbers to seek for heads, and at day-break, it was often found that part of the camp had been guarded only by decapitated trunks. The prince of Coburg resolved to send every night strong piquets of cavalry beyond the chain of videts, for the purpose of protecting them; these piquets were composed of one or two hundred men; but the Turkish generals finding their troops disturbed in their retail trade, sent still more numerous detachments against our piquets, which procured them a still more considerable profit. The service of the piquets was consequently of such a nature, that those who were appointed to perform it, always put their affairs in order previous to their departure.

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Things were in this state in the month of August. Several battles had not changed the position of the army. A week before the 20th, my fortune-teller, of whom I had frequently purchased provisions, again made her appearance. She entered my tent, requested me to leave her a legacy, in case I should die on the day she had predicted, and offered, in case I did not, to make me a present of a hamper of Tokay. This wine was a rarity in the army; the gipsy appeared to me not to have common sense; in the situation in which I then was, a speedy death was not improbable, but I had no reason to expect it precisely on the 20th of August. I acceded to the proposal, staking two horses and 50 ducats against the old woman's Tokay; and the auditor of the regiment took down our agreement in writing, but not without laughing.

The 20th of August came. There was no probability of an engagement. It was indeed the turn of our regiment to furnish a piquet for the night; but two of my comrades were to go out before me. In the evening, as the hussars were preparing to set off, the surgeon of the regiment came to inform the commandant that the officer named for the piquet was taken dangerously ill. The one next to him, and who preceded me, received orders to take his place; he dressed himself in haste and was proceeding to join his men; but his horse, a gentle, quiet creature, suddenly began to prance and caper in such a manner, that he at last threw his rider, who broke his leg in the fall. It was now my turn. I set off, but I must confess not in my ordinary humour.

I commanded eighty men, and was joined by 120 belonging to another regiment, making in the whole two hundred men. Our post was about a thousand paces in front of the line of the right wing, and we were supported by a marsh covered with very high reeds; we had no advanced sentinels; but not a man was suffered to leave the saddle; our orders were to remain with drawn sabres and loaded carbines till day-break. Every thing was quiet till a quarter before two o'clock; we then heard a noise, which was succeeded by loud shouts of *Allah!* and in a minute all the horses in the first rank were thrown to the ground either by the fire, or by the shock of seven or eight hundred Turks. An equal number fell on their side, from the impetuosity of their charge and the fire of our carbines. In the confusion which succeeded, I received eight sabre wounds, as well from friends as enemies; my horse was mortally wounded; he fell on my right leg and pinned me down to the ensanguined ground. The flashes of pistols threw a light on this scene of carnage.

I raised my eyes and saw our men defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the

Turks, intoxicated with opium, made a horrible massacre of them. Very soon not a single Austrian was left standing. The victors seized the horses that were still fit for service, first pillaged the dead and wounded, and then began to cut off their heads and to put them into sacks which they had brought expressly for the purpose.—My situation was not very enviable. In the regiment of Szekler we in general understand the Turkish language. I heard them encourage each other to finish the business before any succours should arrive, and not to leave a single ducat behind, adding, that there ought to be two hundred. Hence it appears that their information must have been very accurate. While they were passing and repassing over me, while legs, arms, and balls were flying above my head, my horse received one which caused him to make a convulsive motion. My leg was disengaged, and I instantly conceived the idea of throwing myself, if possible, among the reeds of the morass. I had observed that several of our men who had attempted it were taken; but the firing had slackened, and the darkness inspired me with hope. I had only twenty yards to go, but had reason to apprehend that I should sink in the morass. I nevertheless leaped over men and horses, knocking down more than one of the Turks, who extended their arms to catch me, and made several blows at me with their sabres; but my good fortune and my agility enabled me to reach the marsh. I sunk at first no higher than my knees; in this manner I proceeded about twenty paces among the reeds, and there stopped exhausted with fatigue. I heard a Turk exclaim, "An Infidel has escaped; let us look for him!"—"It is impossible he can be in the morass," replied others. I know not whether they continued their conversation, but I heard nothing more. I fainted away with the loss of blood, and in this state I remained several hours; for when I came to myself, the sun was already high.

I had sunk into the morass up to the waist. My hair stood erect when I recollected the images of the night, and the 20th of August was one of my first ideas. I counted my wounds, which were eight in number, but none of them dangerous; they were given with sabres on the arms, the breast, and the back. As the nights are very cool in that country, I wore a very thick pelisse, which had deadened the blows. I was, however, extremely weak: I listened; the Turks had been long gone. From time to time I heard the groans of wounded horses on the field of battle; as to the men, the Turks had taken pretty good care of them.

I attempted to extricate myself from the place in which I was, and this I accomplished in about an hour. The footsteps I had left behind me on

entering guided me out again. Though a war with the Turks blunts the edge of sensibility, I felt an emotion of fear, lonely as I was, when I cast my eyes beyond the reeds. I advanced; my eyes were directed towards the scene of massacre, but words are inadequate to express my terror on feeling myself suddenly seized by the arm. I turned my head and beheld an Arnaut, six feet high, who had undoubtedly come back to see if he could pick up any thing more. Never was hope more cruelly disappointed. I addressed him in the Turkish language, "Take my watch, my money, my uniform," said I, "but spare my life!"—"All those belong to me," said he, "and your head into the bargain." He immediately untied the string of my hussar cap, and then my cravat. I was unarmed and incapable of defending myself; at the slightest movement he would have plunged his large cutlass into my bosom. I threw my arms round his body, supplicating his compassion, while he endeavoured to uncover my neck. "Have compassion on me," said I; "my family is rich, make me your prisoner, and you shall have a large ransom."—"It will be too long to wait for that," replied he; "only hold yourself still a moment, that I may cut—" and he was already taking out my shirt-pin. Meanwhile I still clung round him; he did not prevent me, undoubtedly because he relied on his strength and his weapons, and even perhaps from a motive of compassion, which indeed was not strong enough to counterbalance the hope of a ducat. While he was disengaging my shirt pin, I felt something hard at his girdle. It was an iron hammer. He again repeated, "Hold yourself still!" and without doubt these would have been the last words I should ever have heard, had not the horror of such a death inspired me with the idea of seizing his hammer. He did not perceive what I was doing, and already held my head with one hand and his cutlass in the other, when disengaging myself by a sudden movement, I gave him a blow on his face with the hammer with all my strength. The hammer was heavy; the Arnaut staggered; I repeated my blow, and he fell, at the same time dropping his weapon. It is unnecessary to add that I seized it, and plunged it several times into his body. I ran towards our advanced posts, whose arms I perceived glistening in the sun, and at length reached the camp. Our people shunned me as they would a spectre. The same day I was attacked with a violent fever, and conveyed to the hospital.

In six weeks I recovered from my fever and my wounds, and rejoined the army. On my arrival the gipsy brought me her Tokay; and I was informed by others that, during my absence, different circumstances had come to pass exactly as she had foretold, and had procured many consultations and many legacies. All this was very extraordinary.

Not long afterwards two deserters from the enemy came over to us. They were two Christians of Servia, who had been employed about the baggage of the Turkish army, and deserted to avoid a punishment they had incurred. They no sooner saw our prophetess than they knew her, and declared that she frequently went at night to the Turkish camp to give the enemy an account of our movements. This astonished us greatly; for the woman had performed for us various services, and we had even admired the address with which she executed the most perilous commissions. The deserters, however, persisted in their testimony, adding, that they had several times been present when this woman described our positions to the Turks, disclosed to them our projects, and encouraged them to make attacks which had actually taken place. A Turkish cypher served for her passport. This convincing proof being found upon her, she was sentenced to suffer death as a spy. Before her execution, I again questioned her on her prediction relative to me. She acknowledged that by acting as a spy to both parties, which procured her double profit, she had often learned the designs of both; that those who secretly consulted her on their future fortune had made her acquainted with many circumstances, and that she was likewise under some obligation to accident. As to what regarded me in particular, she had selected me to make of me a great example capable of confirming her credit, by fixing so long before hand the fatal moment. At its approach she had instigated the enemy to make an attack in the night of the 20th on the post of our regiment. From the intercourse which she had with the officers, she learned that there were two to go before me; to one she sold adulterated wine, which had made him ill; and as for the other, at the moment of his departure, she went up to him, as if to sell him something, and found means, unperceived, to introduce very high into the nostrils of his horse a piece of burning tinder.

THE HISTORY OF GOSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO.

A FLORENTINE TALE.

IN a part of the Mediterranean sea, and to the east of the shores of Italy, is situated the island of Lipari, whose natural beauty could only be exceeded by those of cultivation; and whose charms of cultivation, at the period of our narrative, were what might be expected from the taste and industry of its inhabitants. As it is more to the south than Italy, it has more of that genial fervour, the soft influence of which is extended as far as itself, and affects no less the face of nature, than the hearts, the minds, and the spirits of men. The surface of the fields was thus covered with the joyful garb of Plenty; the dark green of the herbage, the waving gold of the ripened harvest, appeared to mark it as the seat of Ceres. The happiness of the inhabitants was such as suited the plenty and beauty of the island. The government, as if fortune seconded the efforts of nature, was no less mild than that of the climate, and the latter might be assumed as no imperfect emblem of the effects of the former. Could any state be more enviable than that of the inhabitants of Lipari; could any island be more suited than this for the throne of the Cyprian queen. It was, indeed, natural that Love should here fix his habitation; but

could avarice be found in a state like this? Alas, where man is found, the vices of men will follow. The wolves will still pursue the track of their prey.

The wealth of the inhabitants, like that of other islanders, arose from their traffic; and the merchants of Lipari were scarcely less known than those of Venice. The most successful, and therefore the richest of this class of men, was a trader of the name of Lysimachus. The harbours of Lipari were crowded with his vessels; and, as if he set fortune at defiance, scarcely a wind could blow which did not either hasten the arrival, or facilitate the desired departure of some one or other of his numerous ships. The wealth of Lysimachus, though still insufficient to satisfy himself, was in proportion to this extent and success of his trade. His credit was not confined to the narrow limits of his native island; his loans were sought, and his securities accepted by the princes and states of Europe. The family of Medici, at that period the factors of the world, and whose princely magnificence gave new dignity to traffic, did not enjoy a reputation more general, or better established. This was enough to satisfy any reasonable desires;

but the thirst of avarice is not confined within the limits of nature; Lysimachus was avaricious, and the accumulated riches of Europe and the Indies would have been unequal to his wishes.

There are some vices upon which the vengeance of Heaven is immediate, and, in order to effect that purpose, they carry their own punishment; such is that of avarice. It is the nature of this passion that it calls all the powers of the soul to itself, and leaves no vacancy to the enjoyment of any other pleasure than what regards the gratification of its own appetite. Lysimachus possessed a treasure of more value than his almost boundless wealth, and had he not been thus blinded by his predominant passion, had his avarice not suspended the feelings of nature, he would have felt and acknowledged its superior worth; Lysimachus had a daughter of which a father like himself was unworthy. The name of this lady was Gostanza; her beauty, though superior to that of most of her sex, was her least recommendation; all the mild and gentle graces, which are the proper attributes of women, were to be found in her.

The extent of the traffic of Lysimachus required the service of many clerks and assistants. There was one whose activity and ingenuity was more singular than that of his companions; the name of this youth was Martuccio.

Martuccio, whose situation in the house of Lysimachus gave him frequent opportunities of the society and conversation of Gostanza, could not be insensible to her superior beauty, and felt it in a manner suited to his youth and amorous nature. He was not, however, blind to the difference of their conditions; and the ruling passion of Lysimachus, which was an unbounded thirst for gain, was an insuperable bar to the success of his suit. The rash confidence of youth, however, inspired hopes; and finding that his assiduities were not displeasing to Gostanza, he took a speedy opportunity for declaring himself. One day he followed her, unobserved, into the garden, whither she had retired after dinner. She entered a grove of pines, and sat down on a bench in the thickest obscurity of the wood. She had a lute in her hand, which she touched with a most rapturous effect, and then accompanied it with her voice; which, taking part in the feelings of her mind and the pathetic words of her song, faulted with every emotion of tenderness. Martuccio burst from his retreat, and threw himself on his knees before her. The declaration of his love was at once warm and eloquent, and though impetuous, yet tempered by respect. Gostanza did not quickly recover her composure; and when she did, her agitation answered his fondest hopes; and her tongue, at length, confirmed the warm confession of her blushes.

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The lovers, after this mutual avowal, had frequent interviews; their constant subject of conversation was their passion, and the little hope which attended it.—Martuccio, though the clerk of a merchant, and therefore himself a member of traffic, had nothing of the love of money common to his class.

The early part of the life of Lysimachus had been passed in a most rigid denial of all desires which had been attended with any expence. He had married to get rid of a debt that he owed to a brother merchant, and which he cancelled by taking his daughter. What reasonable expectations of success could be entertained from an application to a man of this nature? Could he, whose heart only relented to money, be supposed to take pity on the feelings of two lovers, and give his daughter and all his fortune to a man, when compared to himself, a mere beggar? “Yet strange as my proposal is, (cried Martuccio to Gostanza,) I will make it. It is useless to despond where the least spark of hope may be retained; and a reasonable confidence is, at least, our duty, till trial has convinced us that we have to contend with impossibilities.” “And what (cried Gostanza,) is more impossible than the consent of my father to make us happy? He will part with his daughter, perhaps, but will still keep his money; and, as for myself, Martuccio, I should show as great a want of love as of prudence, were I to consent to give a beggar to your arms.”

The reasoning of his mistress did not deter Martuccio, who one day followed his master out of the counting-house, and with great hesitation, made proposals for his daughter.

Lysimachus was at first surprised, but far from irritated; his countenance, indeed, relaxed into a smile, and he desired Martuccio to take a seat. “My good friend, (cried he, tapping him on the head) do you think me in my senses?”

“Sir!”

“Yes, Martuccio (he continued), do you think me in my senses? for you or I must certainly have taken leave of them. Now I trust I have mine, because I shall give you a plain refusal; but I much doubt whether you have yours, for making the application.”

Arguments were as ineffectual as intreaty to overcome the reluctance of the merchant; Martuccio, therefore, was dismissed without having derived any advantage from his application. The hopes of the lovers were terminated by this conference, and their misery upon this event of their passion was only equalled by the renewed protestation of their love. Gostanza, after the manner of her sex, gave it a vent in tears and complaints; Martuccio did not support it with greater resolution, though his gravity of character, and

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greater strength of mind, restrained the expression of his feelings within more narrow limits.—He had lost, however, all relish for his former pleasures; he could no longer fix himself to the discharge of his usual business, his mind was occupied, his attention absorbed, in one only idea. The misery of his situation at length induced him to take a singular resolution; he sought an interview with Gostanza, and she at length attended him at the place of appointment. Her surprise was great at an unusual change in the appearance of her lover; his features, which had lately borne no other expression than that of hopeless love, had now the more lively character of rising hope; his habits were still more singular; he had laid aside the dress of a clerk, and assumed that of a sailor. Gostanza demanded of him the cause of what she beheld. "You appear very happy, Martuccio, (said she, with an air of reproach,) and your dress is still more changed than your features. What is the cause of this levity; alas, can a love so hopeless admit these sports of a mind at ease!"

"You are deceived, my Gostanza (replied he), if you impute what you see to levity, or the sports of a mind at ease. Our love is, indeed, at present hopeless; but the vicissitudes of fortune are as sudden as various, and what she refuses us to-day, she may spontaneously offer to us to-morrow. Behold the aim of my present purpose, and the cause of my changed habits. Your father has no other motive for his refusal to our happiness than that of my unequal fortune; and could that inequality be removed, he would not hesitate to confirm our love by his parental consent. In my present situation, as the clerk and dependant of another, I can have no hope of attaining this eminence of wealth, and therefore, if I remain in the service of Lysimachus, I must submit to see you the wife of a rich rival. To avoid this, I have resolved to leave your father's house, and embark as a sailor on a voyage of adventure. A Venetian Captain, a relation of my father, is now in the port of Lipari; he has invited me to embark with him for the Indies; and, to encourage me to an acceptance of his proposal, has offered me the loan of four thousand ducats to purchase the necessary merchandize. Behold, Gostanza, the source of my present hopes. Yes, my Gostanza, I feel a confidence that Heaven will bless my honest efforts, and that our union is not so impossible, or so distant as it appears."

Gostanza was about to answer, as far as her tears would permit, when they were interrupted by Lysimachus himself, who demanded, with some anger, the cause of her unusual emotion. Martuccio did not hesitate to declare his purpose. Lysimachus for some moments regarded him

with astonishment, but at length returning to his usual air of gravity, he demanded of Martuccio, if he were in earnest.

"From this eminence (replied Martuccio), you may behold the ship. My departure is fixed an hour hence."

Lysimachus, upon this reply, regarded him for a few moments in silence; but at length thus addressed him:—"Martuccio, you have served me for some years with equal faith and ability; were your fortune any thing equal to that of my daughter, I should prefer you for a son to any inhabitant of Lipari. The disparity of your fortunes, however, is too great, and if I act in the character, and with the duties of a father, I must not hesitate to oppose your union. It is this which has caused my refusal. I now, however, repeat my promise, that from the regard I bear to you, and from gratitude for your fidelity in my service, if you can find any means to produce a fortune but one half of that of Gostanza, you shall take her. Your present purpose is worthy of your love and courage. Gostanza shall wait unmarried and unsolicited during the space of a year from the present day; if you return within that period, and can produce the sum I have mentioned, Gostanza, with all my wealth, shall become yours. Martuccio, farewell; take an embrace of your mistress, and without further delay depart."

Martuccio did not wait for any second invitation, but embraced her with all the tenderness of sincere passion; nor was Gostanza herself more restrained by the presence of her father; she was not merely passive in the arms of her lover; her embrace had more delicacy perhaps, but certainly equal tenderness with that of Martuccio himself. Lysimachus, who had no other vice than that of avarice, could not regard them unmoved; but perceiving the feelings of his daughter to be too much agitated, he at length constrained them to separate; and, pressing the hand of Martuccio, again addressed him:—"Martuccio, your friend has promised you the loan of four thousand ducats, I will add to them the gift of six thousand; there is that sum in this bill of exchange; it will be paid to you on your arrival at Venice by the Venetian merchant upon whom it is drawn. Go, Martuccio, and may Heaven prosper your efforts. You have the prayers and wishes of Lysimachus."

Saying this, and forcing his pocket-book into the hands of Martuccio, he waved his hand for him to depart. Martuccio, again embracing Gostanza in the arms of her father, obeyed, and a hill soon intercepted him from their sight.

Lysimachus conducted his daughter to the house, and gave her into the care of her usual attendants. Their attempts at consolation were

for some days in vain; and though the violence of her first emotions yielded to the usual remedy of time, the melancholy into which they had subsided appeared wholly incurable.

In the meantime Martuccio had embarked, and the vessel, with a favourable wind, was already upon its voyage. The hopes of Martuccio, and the pleasures of their navigation, had already dissipated a part of his late chagrin; his countenance and heart were animated with a new joy, and he anticipated with all the sanguine confidence of youth and hope, the attainment of his wishes. The voyage was, indeed, through the most beautiful part of the Mediterranean sea. As the science of navigation was less understood at that time than in the present day, it was the custom of the vessels rather to coast along the shores than trust to the open seas. Their voyages were thus more varied and beautiful. Martuccio enjoyed this pleasure; the fancy of the prince of poets has scarcely painted a scene like what daily presented itself to the eyes of Martuccio. The shores of the Mediterranean are alternately mountains, hills, and plains; mountains whose tops are hidden in clouds, hills clothed with the groves of summer, and plains of a verdure like that of emerald. All the varieties both of culture and solitude concurred to the splendor and beauty of this scenery; the eye was now presented with the spectacle of a magnificent city, the gilded summits of whose turrets were glittering beneath the beams of a morning sun. The cheerful sound of the distant bells, the ascending smoke, and the throng of the busy inhabitants,—all composed a morning landscape, the beauty and effect of which can only be conceived by those who have been the spectators of a similar scene. Nor were the scenes of solitude less touching to an admirer of nature; such were the woods whose extent and height seemed to argue their primeval origin; such were the plains which glowed beneath the genial influence of the noon-tide beam. Martuccio, who had hitherto been confined within the narrow walls of a city, and occupied in the cares and hurry of merchandize, was no less surprized than transported at the objects he beheld. “How beautiful (said he), how great in all her works, is the framing hand of Nature! How impossible is it to regard a scene like this without reverting to its mighty original and all wise Author. Thy wisdom is, indeed, legible in thy works; to see is to adore.” In this manner passed the greater part of the voyage of Martuccio, and the beauty and novelty of the scenery had infused that tranquillity into his troubled mind, that he had now no images but those of hope. “Yes, my Gostanza, (he would say in his moments of rapture,) the power who thus delights in general good, will not desert

us. Seas shall in vain divide us, and more powerful avarice in vain interpose its bar; our love merits and will obtain a superior protection.”

The confidence of Martuccio was soon dissipated, and by an event of fortune as fatal as sudden, changed to despair. The third week of their voyage had passed over in this security of hope; the morning which began the fourth at length dawned. Martuccio, who felt the charms of nature with the more sensibility as they were more novel and fresh, was in the habit of rising with the first light, and enjoying in a walk upon the deck of the vessel the freshness of the early hours. Upon the morning, the fatal event of which we are about to relate, he was in the enjoyment of this his usual pleasure, and the beauties of the opening dawn had never more merited the attention of an admirer of nature; the sun, with all his eastern splendour, was rising from the bosom of the ocean, and the sea which bounded the horizon, reflected upon its surface the burnished light; the concave of the heavens formed a bold and lofty arch, and the world of waters beneath received and communicated new beauty and freshness. The inhabitants of the deep seemed not unconscious of the beauty of the scene; the dolphins ascended to the surface of the waters, and displayed their colours to the morning sun; the less shapely monsters of the ocean surrounded the ship, and in long troops upon each side of the vessel, continued to move their unwieldy masses. Martuccio was occupied in the observation of these objects, when, happening to cast a look behind, he beheld at some distance a vessel in full sail. It was as yet hardly visible; its white sails could with difficulty be distinguished from the clouds and waters. The landscape, however beautiful, had appeared to Martuccio to have too much of what the painters call *rest*, in other words, of solitude. This defect was removed by the appearance of the approaching vessel, and such was the transport of Martuccio upon the now finished beauty of the scene, that he could not restrain himself from summoning the friendly Captain to partake his pleasure. After pointing out the various objects which had excited his admiration, he directed his attention to the approaching vessel: “Behold (said he) what crowns the happy scene.” The Captain here cast a regard upon the vessel; but its ensigns no sooner met his eye than he started, at the same time uttering a sudden exclamation—“We are lost. Alas, unfortunate men, we have nothing further to hope but death or slavery! the vessel which approaches is a rover from Tunis.”

The Captain here summoned his crew; and that no means of preservation might be neglected,

commanded them to man their sails and yards. The fear of the sailors occasioned him to be obeyed with unusual alacrity. Martuccio was not backward in encouraging and assisting the astonished crew. Their united efforts soon put their vessel in a condition of flight; and as the ship was well built, and not too heavily laden, their rapidity was not inferior to that of the Tunisian. The latter ship, however, had now approached so near, that it hailed the Venetian, and commanded them, as they valued the preservation of their lives, to an immediate surrender. Martuccio, who was standing upon the stern of the vessel, made no other reply than by a discharge of his harquebuss. Escape, however, was now impossible; the Tunisian having been built for the purposes of piracy, was already alongside of the Venetian vessel. They were again summoned to surrender. Martuccio and the Captain, having the greatest ventures and the most courageous spirits, again refused; but the Captain had scarcely uttered the words of rejection, and issued those of preparation for the immediate conflict, when he was pierced by an arrow, and fell dead upon the deck. This incident had an instantaneous effect upon the courage of the crew; the prayers and reproaches of Martuccio were equally fruitless, and the flag was struck. Martuccio, however, was resolved not to survive this united disgrace and calamity; his mind presented to him in one view the whole misery of his situation,—the certain defeat of all his late hopes, the loss of Gostanza, and a future life of slavery. With a resolution, therefore, rather to fall than to submit, and preferring certain death to the greater evil of servitude, he opposed himself to the whole crew of the corsair, who were now entering the surrendered ship. The Infidels appeared astonished, and in some degree confounded by the vivacity of his courage, and from the effect of his single opposition it might have been justly concluded, that had he been seconded by the efforts of the remainder of the crew, the vessel would not have become the prey of the pirates. The remainder of the crew, however, was occupied in other thoughts; the rapidity of the vessel's flight, had brought them upon the opposite coast; the sailors, therefore, now availed themselves of this circumstance, and whilst the attention of the pirates was occupied by the brave defence of Martuccio, they had loosened a boat, and having hastily descended from the ship were rowing towards the adjacent land. In the meantime Martuccio was continuing the conflict, and with the rashness of despair appeared to be resolved upon death. It was in vain that the Captain of the corsair made him the offer of his life; Martuccio returned no other reply, than that they could not dispose of what

they had not yet gained. Courage, however, was fruitless against such an unequal force; Martuccio was at length disarmed, and beaten to the ground. The pirates again commanded him to beg his life; Martuccio again refused. One of the Infidels, irritated by the continuance of his obstinacy, raised his sabre to cleave his head, but his arm was arrested by the hand of Hamet, the Captain of the vessel. Hamet was of a character not unusual amongst barbarians; as his chief quality was that of courage, he considered nothing in another so worthy of esteem. The conduct of Martuccio had excited this sentiment, and the preservation of his life was, perhaps, owing to this favourable prejudice of his enemy. Hamet, from the same feeling, arrested the uplifted sword of the pirate. "Why wouldst thou kill a braver man than thyself," said he. Then turning to Martuccio,—“Christian (said he), thy courage shall redeem thee; you shall live, because you have showed yourself worthy of life. The laws of our Prophet require that you shall have the choice, of slavery or our faith. Embrace the religion of Mahomet, and Hamet shall be henceforth your friend, brother, and protector.”

Martuccio was so absorbed in the sense of his calamity, that he returned no answer to the address of the pirate. Hamet, who appeared to have a principle of humanity becoming a better faith, perceiving the cause of his silence, did not resent it; he even committed him to the care of his own attendants, and commanded him to be carried into his own cabin. They now proceeded to plunder the Venetian vessel, and such was the wealth of the lading, that it well repaid the length and danger of their cruise. Having finished this ransack, and put some of their crew into the plundered ship, they proceeded upon their return to Tunis. As the wind was favourable, they reached the port within a few days.

Hamet, upon entering the harbour, gave a general discharge of the arms of his vessel, and as the Venetian ship was a sufficient evidence of the success of his voyage, he was saluted by the guns of the castle. Tunis was at that time governed by a Dey of the name of Soliman; Hamet, therefore, no sooner arrived than he attended the court of the Dey, and having conducted Martuccio with him, presented him as a slave to Soliman.

“He has a liberal presence, Hamet, (said the Dey,) and appears unfit for ordinary servitude.”

“It was this (replied Hamet), which has led me to think him worthy of the service of the Dey of Tunis. His courage is no less liberal than his appearance.” Hamet here related his rash resistance to their boarding the Venetian ship. Soliman listened with attention, and apparent

REMARKABLE PROPHECY, RELATIVE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

From the propensity of the human mind to ascribe to itself the power of Prophecy, and to endeavour to remove that veil with which futurity is fortunately enveloped, have principally originated the numerous predictions which are now renewed, and some of which are read with interest. There is, in particular, no want of such as relate to the great catastrophe in France. Nostrodamus has had abundance of followers. Among these, the well-known French writer, Cazotte, is eminently distinguished. His prophecy of the French revolution is much more precise and explicit than oracles of this kind in general are. It has made its appearance in a new literary publication of select works of the celebrated Laharpe. Though reason naturally excites a distrust of such visions and predictions, yet the reputation of the narrator demands some attention to the prophetic effusions which he himself heard, in the year 1788, from the lips of Cazotte.

It appears to me, says the aged Academician, as though it had happened but yesterday, and yet the circumstances took place in the year 1788. We were sitting at table, principally members of the Academy, with one of our colleagues. The company was numerous; it consisted of courtiers, men of letters, and others. We partook of a superb dinner. At the dessert, the Malvoisie and Cape wines had elevated the gaiety of the company to such a degree, that it could scarcely be restrained within any bounds. Chamfort had read to us some of his graceless and licentious tales, and yet the ladies who were present, had not, as

usual, recourse to their fans. Many impious jests were launched against religion; one read passages from Voltaire's *Pucelle*, amidst universal plaudits; a second rose, and with a full bumper in his hand, exclaimed—"Yes, gentlemen, I am as sure that there is no God, as I am certain that Homer was a blockhead." A third admired the revolution which Voltaire had effected in the empire of the Sciences—"That great man," cried he, "gave the tone to his age; he is read as generally in every anti-chamber, as in the superb apartments of our most illustrious men." One of the guests related, with a hearty laugh, that his hair-dresser had said to him in good earnest:—"Look you, Sir, though I am but a poor fellow, I concern myself as little about religion, as the grandest of you gentlemen." It was the general opinion, that a political revolution would soon arrive, and that fanaticism must give way to the philosophical spirit of the times. They wished happiness to those whose age still allowed them to cherish the hope of witnessing this great work.

Only one individual of the party appeared to withhold his applause from our conversation: he merely laughed now and then at our enthusiasm. This was Cazotte, an eccentric, but amiable man. He at length broke silence, and said, with the utmost gravity, "Make yourselves easy, gentlemen, you will live to see this great and sublime revolution which you so anxiously desire.—Yes, I repeat, that you will live to see it." "That may be," rejoined one of the company; "a man need not be a wizard to foretel any thing of that sort."

THE HISTORY OF GOSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO.

A FLORENTINE TALE.

[Concluded from Page 457.]

It is now, however, time to return to Gostanza. We have mentioned that the greater part of the crew of the Venetian vessel had escaped from the ship, and by the effort of their oars had gained the neighbouring shores. A few days afterwards they had been taken into another vessel, and by this means had returned to Lipari. The report of the death of Martuccio was immediately spread, and arrived, after some interval, at the ears of Gostanza. It is impossible to describe her grief upon the receipt of this information. Her life was despaired of for some months, and she only recovered from disease to sink into a state of the most gloomy melancholy.

It is the happy effect of time to wear away the impressions of the greatest calamity; it did not, however, thus operate upon the mind of Gostanza. Her melancholy increased, and became at length so intolerable, that nothing but the sense of religion restrained her hand from suicide. There cannot, indeed, be a severer grief than that which arises from the utter ruin of the hopes of lovers; it is the peculiar nature of this passion to fill and monopolize the whole soul; it is no sooner, therefore, destroyed than it leaves behind it a mournful vacuity, a dreary void. The wound of love, thus torn asunder, is beyond the remedy of consolation; the soul is occupied only with the indulgence of its grief, and averts with still greater horror from every offered relief. Such was the gloomy state of Gostanza, and such is that of any other under the sufferance of the same calamity. Her despondency was the more conspicuous to the eyes of her friends in proportion to the former gaiety of her disposition: her features now had lost their hitherto never absent smile, her countenance might have served a painter for the image of despair. In vain, however, did her father attempt to divert her despair; Lysimachus, as we have before mentioned, had no other fault but that of avarice, and he had ever loved his daughter with an affection truly paternal; all the power and opportunities which his boundless wealth afforded, were now exerted in vain; in vain did he assemble the nightly ball, or gayer masquerade; Gostanza, indeed, attended the scene of gaiety, but her countenance only presented a contrast to those of the surrounding company. She had continued some time in this condition of misery, when one morning she descended to the breakfast

room, and took her usual seat at the head of the repast. Her father regarded her with a look of equal grief and terror; her countenance had an air of melancholy and of a still greater gloom than usual. Lysimachus, struck with the singular misery of her features, demanded of her if she were well; she replied that she had never been more so; but the words had scarcely proceeded from her mouth when she broke forth into a passion of tears.

"Gostanza, my child (said Lysimachus), whence this fruitless grief? why do you thus refuse the consolation, the tears of a father? can nothing console you for the loss of a lover but the sacrifice of your father and yourself? I say of your father, Gostanza, for I cannot survive the loss of my child. I am already oppressed with the weight of years; I have buried your mother, and all of my children except yourself; the mercy of Heaven, as I fondly thought, has left you for the last prop of my age and life; will you be more cruel than my most persecuting fortune? will you deprive me of the only comfort which my adversity has left me? will you thus become your own executioner? It is true, indeed, that you have not raised your hand against your life, but will this voluntary indulgence of your grief, this passionate refusal of all remedy and consolation, is this, I say, a less effectual method of self-destruction? Your youth, your hitherto celebrated beauty, a gift of nature not unworthy of preservation, are already consumed; your bloom of life is blighted, and you are falling to the earth in the very opening of your charms. Martuccio is indeed dead, but Lysimachus yet lives; your lover is lost, but your father survives. Gostanza, my child, restrain your tears, live for your father if not for yourself; live from duty if not from love."

The consolation and embraces of Lysimachus were ineffectual; Gostanza would return no other reply than that of tears. She at length rose from her seat, and leaving the apartment retired through a glass door into the adjoining garden. The pleasure grounds of Lysimachus were planted with a beauty and magnificence agreeable to the wealth of the owner; upon the south they opened to the sea, and a walk descended from the house to the margin of the waters. Gostanza had now entered into this bath, and following, perhaps insensibly, the im-

pulse of her grief, had arrived at the brink of the approaching tide.

This spectacle could not but recall to her mind the fate of her lost lover; her melancholy was so augmented by such reflections, that she was several times upon the point of rushing forwards, and thus at once concluding both her life and misery. A conscience, early impressed with the precepts of our holy faith, was the only restraint upon this purpose, and even this, perhaps, might have been insufficient, had not an object diverted her attention, and inspired a new resolution. The tide, which was flowing up, had set afloat the boat of a fisherman which was moored within a few paces of the spot where Gostanza was standing. Gostanza, in the wildness of her despair, entered this boat; and raising the mast and sails, loosened the rope by which it was moored, and forced it forward into deeper water. The wind happened to blow from the shore, the vessel, therefore, soon gained the main sea. Gostanza here threw away the oars and rudder, and surrendered herself to the chance of the tide and wind. She had no other expectation, nor indeed purpose, than that of being overset by the wind, or driven upon some rock, and thus, without an act of her own hand, arriving at the period of her existence. The design of Heaven, however, opposed that of Gostanza.

Gostanza, as if for the last time, threw a regard upon her native island; she then wrapped herself in her mantle, and laying down in the bottom of the vessel, resigned herself to tears. "My grief, however (said she), approaches to its end. Yes, my Martuccio, I thus reject a life which I can no longer devote to thee; before the morning sun of to-morrow our spirits will meet again. Ah, pitying Heaven, forbear again to divide us!"

Thus wept the wretched Gostanza, expecting with the impatience of despair the last relief of the miserable, the solace of an immediate death. The expectation of Gostanza, however, was deceived; and Heaven, who governs the events of the life of mortals, and guides them by the most indirect means to the accomplishment of its purpose, had prepared another fate, and a happier destiny.

The vessel continued the remainder part of the day, and the whole of the following night, to sail before the wind, and as the sea was smooth, and the breeze itself rather fresh than violent, it sustained no injury from either. By this means, upon the dawn of the following morning, the boat had gained the opposite coast of Africa, and at length struck upon the shore, near a city of the name of Susa, about a hundred miles below the harbour of Tunis.

Gostanza, being still wrapped in her mantle,

and at length surprised into a deep sleep, was wholly insensible of her situation, nor knew whether her boat was upon the sea or land. It happened that at the time when the boat had struck upon the shore, a poor woman, the wife of a fisherman, was mending the net of her husband; and her surprise was great to see a vessel thus approach, and with extended sails rush upon the coast. She imagined, however, that some fishermen might have fallen asleep, and with this conjecture approached to examine the boat. Her astonishment was increased when she beheld no other person than a young woman, wrapped up in a mantle, and stretched amidst the water which had now half filled the boat. The appearance of Gostanza, however, was not such as to excite terror; the woman, therefore, did not hesitate to awake her, and perceiving by her habit that she was a Christian, demanded of her, in the language of Lipari, by what means she had arrived thither. Gostanza, hearing herself addressed in the language of her own island, suspected that her purpose had failed, and that the wind had driven her back to the coast she had left. With this apprehension she raised herself upon her feet, and threw her eyes upon the country; every object, however, was new; she demanded, therefore, of the woman, into what country she had arrived?

"My daughter (replied the woman), you are upon the coast of Barbary, and near the city of Susa."

Gostanza, upon this, again lamented the severity of her fate, and more particularly her escape from death; but not knowing how to proceed, she again laid herself on the benches of the bark, and gave free vent to her tears. The grief of Gostanza, with the beauty and elegance of her form, excited the pity and interest of the woman; she exerted all her efforts to console her, and at length succeeded in leading her to the cottage of her husband.

Gostanza here related in what manner she had arrived upon the coast; the good woman from hence justly concluded her in want of refreshment, and setting bread, and some of the cheap wine of the country before her, invited her with so much earnestness, and so many carresses, to eat, that Gostanza was at length prevailed upon to lay aside her purpose of seeking death from a refusal of food. Gostanza now demanded of the woman who she was, and by what means she had learned the language of Lipari? "My country (replied the woman) is the neighbourhood of Trapani, my name is Carapresa, and I live here in the service of some Christian fishermen."

Hearing the name of Carapresa, and learning that she was amongst Christians, though upon

the coast of Infidels, Gostanza, for the first moment, perceived a ray of hope to kindle in her mind, though had any one demanded what was the object of this hope, she had been utterly unable to explain; her mind, however, under this influence, became easier, her former wish of death vanished, and she consented with greater readiness to take the food which the kindness of the woman still continued to offer. In relating to the good woman the manner by which she had arrived upon the coast of Barbary, she had mentioned nothing further than that she had been surprised into a sudden sleep, and that the wind and tide had thus driven her at their caprice; she had concealed her name, her misfortune, her condition, and the place from which she had come. She now intreated the woman to have pity upon her youth, and give her that counsel and assistance which might enable her to escape without injury to her virtue.

"I will go and put up my nets which I have left upon the shore (replied Carapresa), and when I return I shall have thought of something in the way. Do you, my child, remain here, you have nothing to fear at present; but beware you do not approach the door lest some of the Moors of the country should see you; your beauty would then be your ruin."

Saying this, Carapresa left her for the purpose she had mentioned. After some interval she returned; and commanding Gostanza to wrap herself in her mantle, and, according to the custom of the country, veil her face, she conducted her under this concealment to the neighbouring town of Susa. She had no sooner arrived here than she thus addressed her:

"I am leading you, my daughter, to the house of a Saracen lady of reputation; she has often had occasion for my services, and as I ever discharged my duty with equal honesty and punctuality, she has been pleased to reward me with the expression of her good will. I will recommend you to her in the strongest manner I am able, and your appearance will not only confirm whatever I shall say, but will speak with yet more effect than myself; your mien and your form is that of a liberal condition, and your language and manners correspond; I have no doubt, therefore, but that she will receive you upon my recommendation, and entertain you as her daughter; be it your part to cultivate her affection."

The woman had scarcely finished when they arrived at the door of the lady. They were admitted without delay; and Carapresa performed the part she had undertaken, that of recommending Gostanza to the good grace of the Saracen widow. Her words were not without their desired effect; the lady, who was now advanced

in years, after regarding the features of Gostanza, began to weep in pity for the forlorn condition to which a young woman of an appearance so liberal was reduced. Taking her hand, and saluting her forehead, she conducted her into her house, and from that moment entertained her as her daughter. Nor did Gostanza reply to her affection with less tenderness. There were several other women in the house besides Gostanza, but no man; the trade of the widow, and of the women her slaves, was that of working in silk and palm-leaves. Gostanza had not been in the house but a few days before she could work with equal speed and skill to those of her companions; she now, therefore, became a no less useful than pleasing partner of their labours; nor did she long remain ignorant of the language of the country; in a word, Gostanza was no less loved than admired by the widow and her whole household; the former commanded her to address her by no other name than that of mother, and daily offered up her thanks in the mosque, that, as it had pleased Heaven to deprive her of her own children, it had thus repaired her loss by the gift of Gostanza. Such was the effect of her virtue, her manners, and beauty.

It is now time to return to Martuccio. You may remember that at the period of our narrative in which we left him, he had been presented by Hamet to Soliman, the dey of Tunis, and accepted by the latter as the immediate attendant of his person. He had continued in this condition of servitude at the time in which Gostanza was admitted into the house of the good widow. At this period, however, a new accident relieved him from a situation so unworthy of his merit, and hastened the final purpose of fortune.

The present dey of Tunis, as we have already mentioned, was Soliman, the favourite minister of the late prince, and by the advantage of that circumstance alone, elected to his present eminence. The Moors were at that time in possession of the greater part of Spain, and more particularly of the city and kingdom of Grenada. The king of this state produced a claim to the throne of Soliman, and summoned him to surrender the usurped dignity to his superior right. Soliman, whom favour had advanced, but whom merit had confirmed in his empire, returned an answer of scorn and defiance.

"As to your right to my throne (said the proud Infidel), you have mistaken your desire for your right; but if the appetite for dominion can constitute such a right, I likewise have the same right to the state of Grenada. Surrender, therefore, your usurped dignity, admit me to my throne of Grenada, or your head shall answer for your refusal."

With this mixture of irony and pride, did the

dey reply to the demand of the ambassadors of Grenada. War, therefore, was immediately declared between the two princes, and Mariabdel, the king of Grenada, was hourly expected to lead his army in person to the invasion of the state of Tunis. Martuccio, being in the very centre of the scene, could not avoid learning the cause of the general hurry and preparation; and being one day in discourse with one of the officers of state, said to him in confidence,—“If the king would demand my advice, I would give him such counsel as should secure him a certain victory.” Soliman happened to overhear these words, but passed forward without any present notice. A royal council, however, being called in the evening, to consider of the means of carrying on the impending war, you may guess the astonishment of Martuccio, when a slave summoned him to attend the assembly. His surprise was not without reason. It was the custom of Tunis that none but the ministers of the court, and a few of the most distinguished of the first order of the nobility, should be permitted to attend the council.

Martuccio in some confusion obeyed; upon entering the chamber of the divan, the dey addressed him.—“Christian, you have long served me with equal address and fidelity; you merit, therefore, the reward which our laws will permit. Your liberal appearance is a sufficient testimony of your superior condition in your own country; you will therefore not disgrace the same rank in any other. From this day, therefore, you are raised to the order of nobility in the state of Tunis. It is true, that the strictness of our law requires the profession of the Mahometan faith, but it is a part of my prerogative, as dey, to suspend this acceptance of our religion. I will allow you ten years to study our writings, and converse with our Doctors, and I have no doubt but at the end of this period, you will acknowledge Mahomet to be the last and greatest of the prophets. Your present duty is to assume the seat and functions of your new rank. I overheard you say, that if I demanded your advice with regard to the means of carrying on the war, you would give me such counsel as should secure my victory. Speak, therefore, Martuccio, I demand your counsel.”

“My lord (replied Martuccio), I must preface my counsel by saying, that this is not the first time I have visited the state of Tunis; my experience, therefore, has given me some knowledge of your customs both of peace and war. Your wars, I have perceived, are chiefly carried on with arrows; if any method, therefore, can be discovered by which your army may abound in arrows, whilst that of your enemy becomes deficient, your victory, I believe, must be secure.”

The dey, and the nobles of the council, who listened with the most earnest attention, here nodded their assent; Martuccio thus continued:—

“This may be effected with equal ease and dispatch. Attend whilst I relate in what manner. In the first place, issue a general command to your armourers, that the strings of your bows may be made smaller than usual, and afterwards to make the arrows to fit those more slender strings, so that they may be useless to the other strings which will not suit their notches; and this must be executed with all the secrecy an affair of such importance requires; that it may not arrive to the knowledge of your enemy, and thus counteract our whole purpose. This happy event cannot fail; when the archers of your enemy have shot off their arrows, and yours have discharged theirs, each side must supply itself for a new discharge, by picking up the arrows which have been shot; the enemy, therefore, must collect those of your archers, and you those of the enemy. Now your arrows must be wholly useless to the enemy, for the smaller notches will not fit their greater strings; the contrary, however, will happen to your army, for the small strings of your bows will fit an arrow of any notch whatever. Thus will it happen, that you will be well supplied with arrows from the quivers of your enemies, whilst yours being so wholly useless to them, they must be deficient of their expected resource.”

It is impossible to describe the applause and satisfaction of the council upon this advice of Martuccio; but a few moments before they regarded him with equal envy and abhorrence; his new dignity had excited the first, and the antipathy of a different faith had inspired the latter. This envy and abhorrence was now lost in general approbation, and they united in acknowledging the superior sagacity of the dey, who had advanced a man of the merit of Martuccio.

How universal, and even insensible to ourselves, is the influence of interest; by this it was that the general sentiment was thus changed into feelings of an opposite nature, and those who would have consented but the preceding hour to have had Martuccio impaled alive, were now as loud in inviting the dey to appoint him general of the forces. The dey assented, and commanded Martuccio to accept the offered trust.

Martuccio hesitated, but as the war of barbarians requires but little skill, and his refusal might be imputed to other motives, he at length obeyed.

It is the nature of genius, or what is more properly called, vigour of mind, to attend us

possessor through every mode of action, and to render him equally eminent in situations of the least similitude; the success of Martuccio in his new office justified this remark. The army of the Tunisians, which was hitherto nothing but an armed multitude, assumed under the command of their new general, the order and regularity of a disciplined body. Martuccio was equally ardent and skilful in the discharge of his duty.

Soliman beheld, with equal pleasure and admiration, the fidelity and talents of his Christian general, and one day addressed him in these words:—"How blind art thou, Martuccio, to thine own interests; why dost thou thus refuse to adopt our faith; my age foretells a speedy vacancy in the throne of Tunis; I have no children, or other relations, to whom I desire to leave the succession; your merit might attain the vacant dignity; the envy of your promotion will cease when you become one of ourselves."

The promises, and even intreaties of the dey were ineffectual to shake the constancy of Martuccio; his laudable perseverance in the faith of his country and education, would have excited the indignation of any other than Soliman; this dey, however, had little of the bigotry of his sect, and well merited the title of the Generous and Magnificent, which the general consent had imposed. With this nature, therefore, the firmness of Martuccio rather increased than diminished his esteem; nor did his expectation from the merit of his general deceive him.

Mariabdel, the king of Grenada, having collected his army, and put himself at its head, had passed over into Africa, and was advancing to the walls of Tunis. Martuccio, taking his post according to his greater experience of the country, gave battle to the invaders. The conflict, from the superior numbers of the enemy, was long, but victory was at length Martuccio's. Mariabdel was himself taken prisoner, and Martuccio presented the proud monarch to the dey.

The general consent of the soldiers attributed the victory to the courage and skill of Martuccio; Soliman, therefore, laying aside the pride and distance of his superior rank, embraced him as his friend, and added new honours and dignities to the benefits already conferred. Such was the glory and present honour of Martuccio.

Gostanza, during this time, continued in the house of the Saracen widow, and though her melancholy had much diminished, she still retained a tender remembrance of her lost lover; her eyes were often suffused in tears, and the gaiety of her companions, though kindly intended for her entertainment, only augmented her uneasiness, from its contrast to the real state of her mind. Such was the real situation of Gostanza

when the whole country around rung with the victory and praises of Martuccio.

The report at length reached the ears of Gostanza. The name of Martuccio being that of her lover, whom she supposed dead, excited all the feelings of her soul; but who can express her emotion, when to the demand of the widow, who this Martuccio was, the messenger replied, that he was a Christian, from the island of Lipari, that had been taken by Hamet, in the Mediterranean, and presented by him as a slave to Soliman.

There was no room for further doubt; it was the same Martuccio; it was Martuccio her long lost, but at length recovered lover. We will not attempt to describe the joy of Gostanza; in a word, it was rapture, transport, and the very madness of joy; her eyes glistened with fresher lustre, her features were animated with new life, and her cheeks glowed with all the imparted radiance of love, hope, and youth. Her unusual appearance could not but excite the remark and curiosity of her kind protectress. It was some time before Gostanza recovered sufficient tranquillity to explain the cause of her transport; she at length, however, related every incident of her life, and concluded by throwing herself in the arms of the widow, exclaiming,—“Behold my Martuccio restored! it can be no other than himself.” The widow, upon comparison of the circumstances of the narrative, was of the same opinion, and after the emotions of Gostanza had subsided into greater tranquillity, they resolved to depart for Tunis and seek Martuccio. The resolution was executed with an equal alacrity with which it was taken; a few days brought them to the city.

The first care of the widow was to leave Gostanza at the house of one of her friends, after which she departed in search of Martuccio. She resolved, however, to have the pleasure of witnessing his surprise; and therefore, having at length obtained admittance into his house and presence, thus addressed him:—"Martuccio, it has been my fortune to purchase a slave from the island of Lipari, he is acquainted with your name and family, and requests to see you upon business of equal secrecy and importance; he was not willing to entrust even this message to any other than myself; I have undertaken it; therefore, and thus execute it. Will you attend me, my lord?"

The name of his native island, the abode of Gostanza, could not be indifferent to the ears of Martuccio; his emotion was visible in the features of his countenance, and the widow already understood that Gostanza was not forgotten; nor was her penetration deceived. Martuccio had never for a moment lost thought of his absent

Gostanza ; in the midst of servitude and glory, she was the constant image of his memory ; he had no other purpose than to avail himself of his present wealth, and as soon as he could make his escape, or obtain permission of departure, to return to Lipari, and demand the hand of his beloved Gostanza. The widow, therefore, no sooner proposed that he should follow her to her house to see a slave from Lipari, than he eagerly obeyed, in hopes that he might hear something of Lysimachus and his daughter. They soon arrived at the house of the widow's friend. We will not attempt to describe the meeting of Gostanza and Martuccio ; conceive every thing of love, joy, and transport, of astonishment upon the one side, and rapture on the other, and you may form a faint image of their emotions.

" O my Gostanza, and art thou indeed alive ; I have sent to seek you in your native island, but could receive no other information than that you had left your father's house, and were by general report supposed to have been dead. A thousand and ten thousand thanks to the fortune which thus restores you to my arms ; yet it is not to fortune that I can impute an event of such benevolence. There is a being, my Gostanza, who presides over fortune, and directs every thing to the final accomplishment of his own wise purpose ; it is he that at the same moment delivered me into the hands, and preserved me from the sword of Hamet ; it is he who has thus covered me with victory and glory in a land of Infidels ; it is he who preserved the life of my Gostanza, though exposed to the caprice of tide and wind in no other vessel than a fishing boat ; it is he who conducted the same boat to the coasts of Tunis ; it is he who has thus preserved us for each other, and by means the most indirect, and which appeared least suited to his final purpose, has thus effected our happiness and endless union.

Gostanza, my Gostanza, nothing shall again divide us."

In this manner did Martuccio breathe forth his love, his rapture, and his gratitude ; and Gostanza returned no other reply than such embraces as her modesty permitted.

Their tranquillity restored, Martuccio, leaving her under the care of the widow, returned to the palace of the dey ; and with a confidence which his knowledge of his virtues inspired, related to him every thing, both with regard to Gostanza and himself ; he concluded by demanding permission of departure to his native island of Lipari.

The dey was equally surprised and delighted at the singular incidents, and still more extraordinary event of this narrative, and commanded Gostanza herself to be conducted into his presence. Gostanza appearing to his summons, the dey demanded of herself the repetition of her narrative ; and when she had obeyed and had concluded, thus addressed her : " Gostanza, you have merited him for a husband." Upon this he loaded them with the most costly gifts, and having freighted a ship with the richest commodities which his kingdom could afford, presented it to Martuccio, and gave him permission to depart for Lipari.

Martuccio, after rewarding the good widow for her protection of Gostanza, ascended the ship. Their voyage was happy ; and Lysimachus himself, being summoned to the shore by the appearance of a ship sailing immediately to his garden, had the happiness to receive them in his arms.

Gostanza and Martuccio were soon united according to the rites of the church, and their future happiness was such as might be expected from their well tried love.

THE GOOD SORT OF MAN ;

A MORAL TALE, OR A SCANDALOUS HISTORY.

I HAVE just learnt the death of poor Theodore ; I am sorry for it : I knew him well, he was a *good sort of man*. During his whole life he neither thought, nor said, nor did any thing, but what he believed would please the persons with whom he lived. He was born with one of those supple, flexible dispositions, which receive all impressions without retaining any. His imagination was gay, lively, and sensible ; every thing was painted in it, and reflected with agreeable colours. He seemed to interest himself in every

occurrence, to love those people with whom he conversed ; he was himself interesting, was beloved, or at least was thought to be so.

He possessed every taste, without any passions. He had wit, intelligence, and all which is necessary to judge accurately of men and things ; but his principles were only in his head, and none of them had taken root in his heart ; they neither regulated his sentiments, nor influenced his conduct.

He had the talent of satire ; but he never made

ZULBAR;

AN INDIAN TALE.

You shall no longer deceive me, weak and treacherous mortals! Too long have I paid homage to your feigned virtues; too long, to believe you good, have I shut my eyes to your actions, and only listened to your words. When you wished to appear estimable, I never failed to admire you, and willingly lost sight of you during the time you were no longer so. I am at last weary of witnessing this long convention of lies, which we sign upon our entrance into the world. I no longer see any thing but what is despicable in this assemblage of animals, who are, at the same time, proud and low, envious and contemptuous; agitated in every contrary sense by the desire of praise, by their indifference to virtue, by the love of idleness, by the desire of activity; who torment themselves for a pastime, and destroy themselves to be able to exist.

Nature in treating them according to their deserts, condemns them to a crowd of evils. But these evils were not sufficient, and they agreed among themselves to invent a thousand others, with the hope that their neighbours might endure them; and of all their agreements this is the only one they have not violated. But why these unavailing complaints? I am like the slave who was sent by his master to a wretched earavansary. "If you find yourself comfortable there," said he to him, "you will wait for me; I shall not fail to be with you in a few days: if not, nothing ought to prevent your leaving it without me. The slave expected him in despair;—the fool did not see the door!"

Thus spoke Zulbar, who, though in the prime of youth, had experienced injustice and ingratitude. He was in an immense wood; all around him was solitary and silent. A tremendous storm had just covered the earth with streams of rain and hail; flashes of lightning were still perceptible amid the sombre foliage; thunder was still heard in the distance; and the unhappy Zulbar, fatigued, and wet by the storm, banished from his country, wandering, and covered with rags, walked slowly, his head bent down under the branches of the cocoa trees. On a sudden, yielding to his last reflections, he stopped, drew his dagger, and raised his arm to plunge it into his breast, when he heard a voice that exclaimed, "Respect thy days, thou mayest be useful to me."

"Ah! I am weary of being useful, answered he, with disdain—I have only found ingratitude

However, while saying this, he had lowered his dagger, and, by an involuntary motion, advanced towards the spot whence the voice proceeded. Discovering no one near him, "where art thou?" he exclaimed, "hasten to appear.—What dost thou require?"—"I require," replied the voice,—"that you should stoop by the side of this hedge of eglantine; look nearer the ground, and raise that rose leaf whose weight prevents me from moving."

Zulbar astonished, looked, and at last saw the rose leaf, raised it with the point of the poignard, which he still held in his hand, and then discovered an ant, that, shaking the rain with which it was encumbered, and wiping it off with its antennæ, came and placed itself at the feet of Zulbar, and looking at him said:

"Thanks be to thee, generous stranger! For an hour I have been under that leaf, and had only been able to disengage my head. Without your charitable assistance, I might perhaps have perished, which would have grieved me much, as I am very well contented with my station. You appear to be much dissatisfied with yours. I have heard your bitter complaints; I saw you on the point of terminating your existence.—What pleasure I should feel, my dear benefactor, if I could contribute in any way to render your life more supportable."

"And, who are you then, answered Zulbar, more astonished than ever? how is it that you have the power of speaking and reasoning?"—"You would be much embarrassed, rejoined the insect, if I were to ask you the same question. But I will explain to you who I am; commence by relating your misfortunes; perhaps my advice may be useful to you. From what I heard you say, it appears that you have much to complain of men, which does not surprize me, as I know that almost the whole of them are wicked. However, I think it possible to avoid their malice with a little care, and I have seen but very few unhappy beings who have not drawn their misfortunes upon themselves."

"You are severe, interrupted the Indian, and you will doubtless persuade me that the leaf which crushed you fell by your fault."

"You are severe, interrupted the Indian, and you will doubtless persuade me that the leaf which crushed you fell by your fault."

Speaking thus, Zulbar seated himself close to the ant. The insect, better to hear him, climbed on the branch of a wild rose bush; and Zulbar commenced his history in the following terms;

"I am the son of a rich jeweller of the town of Tipra. My father, satisfied with the fortune he had acquired by his labours, did not bring me up to his trade. He built a handsome house in a village at some distance from the capital, purchased the surrounding lands, and left me at the age of eighteen, possessor of a domain as extensive as it was useful, a charming retreat, and a great quantity of ready money. I had a sister, younger than myself, named Balkis, remarkably beautiful, and of a very amiable disposition. We were so tenderly attached, that we had promised each other never to separate.

"Both possessing a fortune greatly above our wants, we endeavoured to employ our riches in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures. Our house was open to our neighbours, to all strangers and travellers, and was also the asylum of the poor. Our fortune was almost wholly devoted to hospitality and benevolence. My sister had reserved to herself the department of giving alms, assisting the sick, and presenting the young maidens who were poor, with dowries, to enable them to find respectable husbands. I had taken upon myself the charge of furnishing with work all the labourers who were in need of bread, and doing the honours of our house: on each festival our good villagers were certain of finding under our roof a homely, yet plentiful repast, which we shared with them. Then musicians were called in, dances entwined the whole evening, and our guests, when they bade us farewell, crowned our brows with flowers, kissed our hands with tears of joy, and besought Heaven to watch over our prosperity.

"For four years I enjoyed that peaceful bliss, the charms of which are only known when it has fled away! My wishes were limited; no regret blasted my rest; I loved my sister, and was loved by her: this tender affection contented our souls. I heard blessings showering from every side on the name of Balkis; she sometimes heard praises of her brother, and this was the sweetest reward of our actions. In a word, I was the happiest of men, when one morning I received the visit of a young fakir who lived in our neighbourhood, and who every week was supplied with provisions from our table.

"Zulbar, said he, do you know the news? No, I replied, what has happened? The Queen of Tipra is dead, and the king has caused an edict to be published, by which all the young maidens of the kingdom, from the age of sixteen to twenty, are obliged to repair to an immense field in the vicinity of the capital. In the middle of this field is a narrow path, strewn over with the finest sand, on which some mysterious characters are to be lightly traced, with the end of a wand. All the young maidens are successively

to run over this path, and she whose light footsteps will leave the characters uneffaced, is to be Queen of Tipra.

"Why should I care, I replied, whom the king marries, the lightest or the heaviest of his subjects? How! exclaimed the fakir, will you not obey the King's commands? must not your sister Balkis repair to the field? Heaven, to reward her virtue, will place her on the throne. Think on the glory which awaits her, and what scope she will have to exercise her benevolence. Think also, that her brother Zulbar, whose wisdom and talents have been comparatively lost in this obscure village, will perhaps soon dedicate to the happiness of a whole nation, these talents, for which he is accountable to God. In short, beware of forgetting, that religion and morality forbid you to oppose the will of Heaven.

"This awakened various reflections. My affection for Balkis, the hope of seeing her on a throne, which I felt she would grace; the consciousness that she would pour happiness on her subjects, and the desire —

"Of being her minister," interrupted the ant; "this was the motive which caused your decision, without your having even acknowledged it yourself. I know how to appreciate those disinterested sentiments in which our own interest is enveloped, and in which we conceal our ambition and vanity even from ourselves. You remind me of a certain fox, who one day was caught in a snare. See, said he to me, with a plaintive voice, what it costs me for loving my brothers too well. In passing by this trap, I feared that the bait it contained might draw some innocent fox to his ruin; I wished to remove it, and fell into the snare.

"But I will say no more, Zulbar, for I see you are very unhappy. You may proceed with your history."

"One would imagine that you are already acquainted with it, continued the unfortunate Indian. I conducted my sister to the field, and she was chosen by the king. From that moment she became the mistress of the kingdom, and had all the places at her disposal. Honours were heaped upon me, I was the favourite of the court, and received universal homage from all ranks of people. I was young, rich, credulous, and the favourite's brother. The nairs and courtiers overpowered me with caresses, and eagerly sought my friendship. I was not avaricious, but readily shared amongst my numerous new friends, my fortune, my credit, and my estates. I sold all my lands, that I might be able to lend them the interest; I incessantly fatigued my sister to obtain for them the post they desired; and I thought myself amply repaid for my trouble, and ruin, by the extreme gratitude of those

I had obliged, by the praises which were showered on me, and their pretended lively affection.

"Such friendship and universal homage at last emboldened my sister to have me appointed vizier. This was applauded by all the court; and I saw myself more praised, more beloved than ever. They already, in anticipation, celebrated the success of my administration; nothing was spoken of but my glory; and as I heard myself so often termed a man of superior abilities, I finished by believing it, and resolved to prove such. I applied earnestly, and employed all my time and judgment in well regulating the affairs of the kingdom, to render it flourishing, and to diminish the burdens of the people. I had hitherto been profuse of my own riches, but I now became avaricious with regard to those of the king. I abolished numerous abuses, and only real merit met from me with reward. I accomplished, nearly at the same time, the doubling of the public treasury, and the abolishment of half the taxes. I hoped by this to justify the good opinion I had gained. I reckoned that this success would render my friends a hundred times happier than myself, but alas, I had no friends. The people began loudly to murmur, and caballed to have me turned out of administration. Those who had shared my property were the most inveterate against me, particularly the fakir. This young man, whose fatal advice had been the cause of my coming to court, and who, as a recompence, I had raised to the dignity of chief of our priests, was at the head of my enemies. The king himself, each day, increased in coldness towards me; the greater services I rendered him, the less he liked me; I was defested by the court and the city; every body meditated my ruin; and, without the protection of Balkis, my persecutors would have caused me to perish on the scaffold.

"One idea still consoled me; it was, that the people were happier than they had been under my predecessors, although they were still oppressed by the nairs. The licence these great personages enjoyed, made them think they were above the laws. I seized an occasion of undeceiving them. The magistrate of police one morning informed me, that two young nairs having sought a quarrel the day before with a poor weaver, had beaten him with their sticks until he expired under their blows. I immediately sent for the two nairs, heard the avowal of their crime, shewed them the law by which they were condemned, and had them delivered up to the elephants.

"All the courtiers were indignant at this unexampled justice. My sister with difficulty saved my life: but I became the idol of the people, who called me their friend, their father; and

thought, that as I had supported them when they were attacked, I should do the same if they commenced hostilities. The next day, two weavers having quarrelled with a nair, made him expire under their blows. I sent for the two weavers, heard the avowal of their crime, shewed them the law by which they were condemned, and had them delivered up to the elephants.

"From this instant I became the execration of those who had the day before adored me; and as I had no sister amongst the people to appease them, an immense armed crowd surrounded my palace, guided by former friends. My slaves opened the doors, and my wives shewed them my chamber. I had only time to escape by an unknown subterraneous passage, which communicated with the country; I exchanged my clothes with a mendicant, and sought refuge in an impenetrable wood. But soon, notwithstanding the perils I had endured, the friendship I bore my sister induced me again to enter the city. On my arrival, I heard the town-crier offering a reward of a thousand pieces of gold for my head; and I learned that Balkis, divorced from the king, had just been conducted out of his dominions. Still disguised, I endeavoured to follow my sister's steps; wandering from desert to desert, walking all night, and hid during the day, not daring to pass through the villages, but when compelled by hunger to ask charity.—Alas! I was refused even at the door of my own house; I bathed with tears the steps of my former dwelling, and was near expiring with hunger before that asylum which had so often been open to receive the unfortunate. At last, after innumerable fatigues, and having braved death a thousand times, having drank the last drops of the cup of misfortune, I quitted the kingdom of Tipra, but could not find Balkis. I feel I cannot live uncertain of her fate; and, without your interposition, a blow from my poignard would have delivered me from my insupportable calamities. Do you still think them merited?"

"Yes, answered the ant. Why did you believe the fakir who praised your talents? Why conduct your sister before the king? Why accept the place of vizier? I could ask you why you did many other things. You did not then know, my friend, that the only blessing in this world is retirement. Retirement! gift of God! which Brahma grants only to his favourites.—Sweet retirement! source of peace and happiness! this you possessed, mistaken man, and took great pains to lose this inestimable treasure! You tormented yourself, to furnish fortune with weapons for your own destruction.

"I was not born with half the advantages you received from nature. I was the eldest son of

the King of Baghadour; I was to have inherited his empire; and, without the advice of a Bramin, one of my friends, I should not have avoided this misfortune. This Bramin, named Dabchelim, initiated me early into the mysteries of wisdom, a study which is generally thought difficult, tedious, and complicated; but which consists only in two maxims: To injure no one, and live in obscurity.

"At the age of seventeen, my rank, my elevation, and the throne which threatened me, were the objects of my aversion. I began to know mankind; I had just seen my country torn by a civil and sanguinary war, the most tremendous that has ever been witnessed on the borders of the Ganges. The cause of this dreadful war was nothing but that one tribe had required the privilege of wearing pointed caps; another that every body should wear round caps; and the incensed madmen burnt the harvests, the villages, massacred their fathers and their brothers, the one for having those caps which had never cured them of an head-ach; the other for having torn off that head-dress they loudly abused, and secretly envied.

"So much pride and atrocity, obstinacy and ignorance, did not inspire me towards human nature with the contempt it deserved, but with the commiseration each fellow creature should feel for a brother. I resolved to fly, and hide myself amidst the solitude of deserts, to avoid the misfortune of living with such wicked madmen. My father died, and, that very day, leaving an authentic writing, by which I yielded to my brother my crown and rights, I departed, accompanied by Dabchelim. We came and established ourselves in this solitary forest, which is more mysterious than you imagine.

"Here we built a hut, and planted in our garden the trees which were most necessary for our support; we cultivated the earth, and our tranquil days were crowned with virtue, labour, and friendship. Here, free from care, without having once been visited by affliction or illness, unknown to the world and forgotten, we remained one hundred years, enjoying together the charms of peace, the greatest of all blessings, and that delightful repose which poor worldly mortals cannot comprehend, while the pleasures of friendship, augmented by solitude, replaced all the vain amusements we had chosen to forego, and increased the joy we mutually tasted. How true was our happiness—the age that our existence lasted, appeared but a fleeting moment. Our white beards alone made us perceive that we were fast approaching the term of our career; yet our minds were not impaired by age: when, to heighten our felicity, Brama visited us in a dream: 'Sons of Adimo, he

said, you have known real bliss; the time is arrived when your souls must leave the prison of clay they have so long inhabited, and pass thro' the various changes which the will of Vishnou has ordained. But you shall not be separated, your abode will be changed, but not your manners. Live again to be forever happy; to love each other; and to be industrious in retirement.'

"At these words he vanished away, and suddenly awaking, I found I was under a bush of thyme, by the side of my friend, who, like myself, was changed into an ant. Delighted with our new state of existence, we thought it a blessing to be permitted to have the same sentiments and the same affections as before, and to fill less space in creation. We dug a cave beneath the bush of thyme; we explored the environs of our new dwelling, and learned that all the animals in this forest had been human beings like ourselves. Some happy, some unhappy, punished or rewarded, according to their deserts; the wicked become reptiles, fed upon their own venom; turned into mice, misers died with hunger in the midst of their stores; the vicious are changed into wasps, and expire by the side of an honey-comb; conquerors, warriors, and all those who, fired with the love of glory, spread terror and devastation over the world, are become timid deer, and are doomed to suffer as many deaths as they have inflicted in the field of battle; while just kings turned into bees, faithful husbands into doves, and virtuous men into various birds, work, love, and sing, as they did formerly.

"Such are the inhabitants of this wood, called the wood of metamorphoses. For forty years I have been an ant with my dear Dabchelim. We are contented with each other's company, and among the animals that surround us, have only chosen to make acquaintance with a lion, called Darud. This seems to astonish you, but you know not, my friend, that when the soul is freed from its human clay, it is no more susceptible of pride, and sees no difference between animated matter of any species. To her, as to Brama, a lion and an ant are equal. This brave and worthy animal, whom we visit almost every day, was once a common soldier, and fought sixty years for his country; for sixty years he was virtuous, incorruptible, and valiant, but always forgotten by his sovereign. The injustice of men let him die a soldier, but Brama made him a lion. It is he who often devours conquerors, rebels, and the disturbers of nations, now become timid deer; it is he who avenges humanity after having defended its rights.

"This morning he came to see us, and I left Dabchelim with him. I left our abode against the advice of my brother, who vainly represented to me that the leaves being wet, I might meet

with some accident. I did not believe him, and reached this wild rose tree; when, attempting to get on one of the roses, a leaf, dripping with rain, fell upon me, and, without your assistance would have crushed me. Thus you see, Zulbar, that I had drawn this misfortune upon myself, for having forgotten the maxim of the sage, which says, during the storm, and long after it is spent, do not leave the bosom of thy friend.

"If you will become our friend; if your misfortunes, as I imagine, have disgusted you with the vanities of the world, which thoughtless beings sigh for, I offer you the hut which Dabchelim and I built. There your days will glide in peace; you will be quiet and unknown, and you will find yourself happy, if you are persuaded of this truth, which I received from Dabchelim: "it is better to be silent than to speak, to sit than to stand, to sleep than to be awake, and the supreme good, is death."

The ant ceased: and more affected than astonished at this recital, Zulbar accepted her offer with gratitude. The hope of ending his existence in this retreat filled his soul with joy; but the recollection of Balkis mixed his joy with sorrow. Guided by the ant, he set off in search of Dabchelim; when, having proceeded a few steps, they heard a loud roar, that made Zulbar shudder and stop. "Be not afraid," said the ant, "it is our friend Darud, who is doing justice." They soon reached the bush of thyme, where the two friends lived; and the first object that struck Zulbar's eyes, was a woman lying senseless on the ground, at whose feet an enormous lion was placed, holding in his bloody

claws, the mangled body of a man. Zulbar, recoiling, uttered a scream, but soon rushed forward, and terror being overcome by joy, clasped Balkis in his arms. It was she! it was his sister! who, conducted to the frontiers of Tipra, had been followed by the ungrateful fakir, whom Zulbar's protection had raised from obscurity, and who had conceived a criminal passion for her. Alone and helpless, in the midst of a forest, she would have fallen a victim to his brutality, had not Darud, attracted by her shrieks, rescued her, by tearing the fakir in twain; after which exploit, extended at her feet, he awaited with anxiety the moment when she should recover her senses.

Zulbar's attention and voice soon recalled her to life. She opened her eyes, knew her brother, and, springing into his arms, pressed him to her heart. Then turning to the lion, who threw upon them looks of anxious interest, both encircled his neck, and shed tears of gratitude upon his flowing mane; while the two ants, affected at this pleasing scene, shared their joy and happiness.

Dabchelim and Darud learned, from the ant, Zulbar's adventures; and assured him, as well as the Prince of Baghadour, of their eternal friendship. They led him and his sister into the hut they were to inhabit. Darud took his post at the door; Dabchelim and his friend, fixed their abode in the garden; and Zulbar, and his beloved Balkis, surrounded at last with reasonable beings, acknowledged, that to be happy, sincere friends, and an obscure retreat, alone are necessary.

E. R.

ALPHONSO AND EMILY.

On a journey which I made a short time since to C——, I one evening took a walk at the foot of a fertile hill, on which stood some very simple country-houses, and the scattered cottages of a hamlet. An ancient castle, nearly fallen to ruin, still overlooked those rustic habitations, once its vassals.

A man bowed by the weight of years, and whose interesting physiognomy still retained the traces of long and severe affliction, stopped not far from me and sighed. Moved by the tears which trickled down his cheeks, I went to him to enquire the cause of his distress, but he prevented me, by asking if I knew the hamlet. I answered that I was a stranger, and that every thing there was new to me. After a short conversation which it is unnecessary to repeat, he began the following narrative :

In the hamlet which you see on the brow of that hill were born and died, about twenty years ago, two unfortunate lovers, who are worthy of remembrance. They were virtuous and tender.

Alphonso de Volsin, the only son of the Marquis of that name, was the sole hope of that family, one of the most ancient in the country. Born with warm passions, and a heart formed for love, he conceived the tenderest attachment for

Emily Vessemar, a charming girl, and well deserving of the heart of Alphonso for her graces and her virtue, had haughty prejudice been capable of acknowledging graces and virtue without illustrious parentage.

No sooner was M. Volsin apprized of his son's passion than he employed all the power of remonstrances and intreaties, hoping to stifle in its birth a passion which appeared disgraceful and unworthy of his name. But it was too late; the impression was made, and that love which already filled the heart of Alphonso was to decide the happiness or misery of his future life. Restraint only augmented its violence, and all the exertions that were made to extinguish it served only to display its power.

Perceiving the inefficacy of intreaties, M. de Volsin was discouraged. From remonstrances he passed to threats, which were soon succeeded by the most rigorous orders. Alphonso, irritated by the severity of his father, and distressed by the invincible obstacles which intervened between him and the sole object of his love, listening only to the dictates of his passion and his despair, signed a promise of marriage with Emily, and thus assured her of his attachment and fidelity as long as he lived.

M. de Volsin, enraged at the imprudence of Alphonso, and despairing of curing such a violent passion by ordinary means, he obtained a *lettre de cachet* for transporting his son to the West India islands. The unhappy young man departed with a soul rent with anguish, but without complaint, accompanied by the regret of a too tender maiden whom his loss plunged into the abyss of despair. The unfortunate girl came herself to deliver to the marquis the fatal promise of marriage, and to enquire by what means he might be made to relent. "Marry any but my son," said the marquis. "That," replied she, "is the only thing with which I cannot comply." She covered her face, bathed in tears, with her hands, and withdrew.

Eight months had elapsed since the departure of Alphonso, and M. Volsin, who, notwithstanding his severity, still continued to love his son, reproached himself, but too late, with his barbarity, and anxiously longed for an opportunity to recal him. He durst not venture, however, to take this step till he had found an effectual expedient for parting Alphonso and Emily and for preventing the consequences of their unfortunate passion. There was but one, and that was the marriage of Emily. But how was he to triumph over her constancy, and to induce her to form another connection? In these points he flattered himself he should succeed, by setting on foot a report of his son's death. His whole family accordingly went into mourning.

The affectionate heart of Emily was easily imposed upon by these tokens of her misfortune; she entertained not a doubt of the death of Alphonso; her soul was overwhelmed with the idea, and the false intelligence of his loss had nearly cost her her life. The first violence of her emotions was succeeded by a grief less extravagant and less acute: she seemed to take courage to endure new sufferings. Alphonso, who no longer lived for her, was ever present to her view; she conversed with him by night, she sought him all day. She repaired alone to the places they had once visited together, and there in silence indulged her sorrows. Time could not sooth her affliction; in vain her friends endeavored to amuse her; the fatal blow was struck. The roses on her cheeks grew pale; her youth was rapidly exhausted in tears; and after a few months of anguish, she expired with the name of Alphonso on her lips, and his image in her heart.

Her cruel and premature death consigned M. de Volsin to the horrors of remorse. The image of a distracted father and a family in tears, renewed more powerfully in his soul the recollection of his son; and seeing no longer any obstacle to oppose his return, he hastened to recall him.

Obedient to his command, Alphonso again

crossed the seas. He returned faithful to that love which time, disappointment, and absence had not been able to erase from his heart. He again beheld the spot where he first drew breath, that spot replete with the revolutions of infancy, which had witnessed his first and his only love. He expected at length to receive again the dear and fatal pledge which he had there deposited. "There, beneath that roof, dwells my Emily," said he, while tears of joy streamed from his eyes. He quickens his pace; he runs; he enquires for her. Emily alas! was no more.

Struck with mute despair at this heart-rending intelligence, at this stroke, not more unexpected than terrible; not a tear, not a sigh escaped him. He was seized with an universal tremor; his knees bent under him; he fell speechless and pale as death. His father, who, expecting his return after such a long absence passed whole days with his eyes fixed on the road by which his son was to come, his father arrived at that moment. He found him extended on the stones, motionless and cold. This unfortunate and guilty father pressed him in his trembling arms, bathed him with his tears, and called him by the tenderest names. Alphonso at length opened his eyes; he revived but to curse his existence, and implored death to end his sorrows. He knew his father, he reclined upon his bosom; but in vain he strove to return the paternal caresses; all the sentiments of his heart were extinguished by his profound affliction.

He was conducted in silence to his father's. He was again in the bosom of his family, he again received their caresses; but every thing had become strange, every thing was already dead to him. Sometimes motionless and overwhelmed with stupid apathy, he would seem bereft of feeling: all at once his eyes would become animated, his physiognomy would assume a terrific air, and he would rave like a madman. These fits of passion, madness, and despair, together with watching and fatigue heated his blood. He was seized with a fever, accompanied by delirium. He would then repeatedly pronounce the name of Emily; he would speak to her, ask her questions, give her answers; he would stretch out his arms as if to hold her, and swear that she should never be parted from him. Some times he went so far as to curse his father, and to reproach him with his inhumanity. The image of the dying Emily then seemed to pursue him; the sight of this phantom made him shudder; a cold sweat bedewed his face, and his eyes appeared to distil tears of blood. Attentions of every kind were paid him; he rejected them all, and at length, they became useless. After a long and painful struggle, surrounded by his family, and in the presence of his disconsolate father, he raised with difficulty

his drooping head, he attempted to speak, his voice failed, and he fell back.—Ah! wretched father, I no longer had a son!

Fool that I am, what did I say? My heart speaks at once the language of nature and of remorse; the horrid truth escapes me, and I accuse myself without intending it. Yes, 'tis I, 'tis I, who am that guilty father, as these bitter tears attest. The victim of an atrocious prejudice, at its instigation I trampled upon nature, and sacrificed my own blood. I planted a dagger in the heart of my son, in the bosom of an amiable and affectionate female, whose only crime was love and fidelity. I have involved an honest and a virtuous family in misery; I have occasioned the death of all that was dear to me, and have consigned the remainder of my days to despair. I was unjust, barbarous, and unnatural; but forbear to curse me; twenty years of horror, of remorse, of hopeless sorrow have sufficiently avenged nature and love which I had outraged; with a conscience laden for twenty years with the murder of my child, abhorred by myself, terrified, haunted incessantly by the image of my son, I mourn, I detest my crime, which I have no hope of ever expiating.

And why should I wish to conceal it? What interest can I have in still dissembling? I have been left on the earth as an example of divine ven-

geance; but my life ended with that of my son, with him was my family extinguished, and my name will perish with me. Alas! my pangs increase when my strength abandons me, and remorse inflicts augmented torture as I approach my end.

As for you, who are so happy as to be born at a time when this barbarous prejudice has lost its power, learn at least to know the crimes which it has caused; and know them in order that you may hate them. May the just horror which they cannot fail to excite, prevent them from ever being repeated! May I be the last perpetrator of them! May they descend with me to the grave, and there be buried for ever! But were there still an insensate and cruel father like myself, a father who sacrificing the propensities of nature to ridiculous notions, should expose himself to the everlasting torment of having occasioned the death of those who owed their existence to him, and of beholding their blood rise up against him in the days of his old age, tell him of my crime, my remorse, and my punishment, of these tears which have flowed for twenty years, and of the slow and terrible journey which I am making to the tomb.

The old man was silent; he raised his tearful eyes towards heaven, and left me.

class of reptiles; they have picked the earth, as I may say, to the bone, and wherever the scene of their invasion has been laid, they have left behind them desolation and ruin.

The grasshopper we have been accustomed to contemplate in this country, is generally a little, insignificant reptile, crawling upon the ground, or bounding and skipping among the grass.—If we examine it, we shall find that it is furnished with a species of wings, and many of the green grasshoppers of our meadows have been seen to spring up to a prodigious height, and support themselves a long time in the air; but few have gone so far as to advance that a grasshopper was endowed with the power of flying, and fewer still have suspected it of migration.

The grasshopper, however, is possessed of both these qualities, which I shall proceed to substantiate by the accounts of travellers, whose veracity cannot be suspected, and who, if inclined to deceive, could not, in this relation, be guilty of an imposition.

In the Islands of the Archipelago, particularly in the Island of Cyprus, the visits of grasshoppers are very common.—A thick cloud is sometimes seen in the air, approaching with a warm gust of wind; it is black and heavy.—The Greek of Cyprus knows well what it portends—he is agitated to a point of insanity—thousands of myriads of grasshoppers, about an inch in length, and of the breadth of a nail, immediately dart upon his fields—fire is less quick and destructive; in a few moments the stalks of the plants are levelled on the ground, and devoured; the crops are destroyed, the fields desolated; and all the while this venomous and pernicious creature keeps up the song of triumph, and chirps over the ruin he has made.

The staple traffick of the Island of Cyprus is silk, and, of course, the cultivation of the silkworm is a matter of the first importance.—For this reason the country is studded with mulberry-trees, which furnish the food of this useful and industrious animal; but even these are not spared from the devastation of the grasshopper. After having devoured the harvest, they strip the mulberry-trees, and thus consign to death the little insect which feeds on them. Having destroyed all the fruits, vegetables, and herbs, wheresoever they alight, they next attack the stoutest trees, of which they gnaw off the bark, and, having thus stript them, they descend to the grass.

The first enquiry naturally made is, how insects, which, though furnished with wings, have them of so slight a texture and small a size, are capable of approaching countries surrounded by seas: how they can pass over arms of the ocean, and waters of great extent, and support them-

selves in the air for the space of many hours, and perhaps days? This enquiry is not easily answered. It has been contended, that they were brought over into islands in ships, in which they secret themselves during the voyage, and escape upon their putting into port. This solution, however, is not plausible.—In the first place, these swarms of grasshoppers do not appear but at considerable intervals of time, sometimes of five, sometimes of seven years; but if they were transported in ships, why not appear one year as well as another? Again, it would be impossible that myriads of insects, of the size which I have described, could conceal themselves during a voyage of many days in the hulls and decks of vessels. It cannot be doubted but these grasshoppers arrive from the Continent; that they are formed in the midst of deserts, and, supported and impelled by the winds, are wafted across a neck of sea to some contiguous coast.

M. Soanini, a most intelligent traveller, speaking of the devastation of these insects in the Island of Cyprus, has countenanced this opinion of their emigration by flight.

“The most Eastern point of the Island of Cyprus,” says this author, “Cape Saint Andrea, being distant from the coast of Syria not more than twenty-five leagues, light insects of this nature may easily be wafted hither by a gale of wind. Grasshoppers possess much agility, and derive great support from their wings; and that swarms of them have crossed seas wider than this strait is well attested.—M. Niebhur mentions that an immense swarm of grasshoppers fell in the town of *Dsjidda*, in Arabia, in the year 1762; having crossed the Red Sea, which, at that place, is upwards of one hundred and fifty miles in breadth! Many, he adds, perished in the voyage, but inconceivable numbers were left to do damage to all that were near them.”—The same author adds, “that he himself had seen grasshoppers alight on a vessel, in a voyage on the Western parts of Africa, when he was many leagues out of sight of land.—They were of a species unknown in Europe, being of a *filemot* colour, or pale yellow.

It is pretty clear that French travellers, to whatever part of the globe they go, see stranger and more surprising things than any other class of men; the lores of nature seem hidden for their discovery; her mysteries are prophaned if unravelled by any other eyes than those of a member of the Institute.—But other countries have not been exempt from the ravages of grasshoppers. In the year 1784, an immense swarm of these insects came from the East, crossed France, devoured whatever they met with in their passage, and fell into the British Channel.—*Mezerai*, the celebrated historian, tells us of another

irruption of grasshoppers in the South of France, which destroyed the harvest and vintage all around them. After they had been destroyed, with much difficulty, the eggs which they had deposited on the ground were collected, and were found to fill upwards of seven hundred

bushels; upon a low estimate there were seven millions of eggs to each bushel! They were burnt and thrown into the Rhine.

I shall now conclude, and am, Mr. Editor,

Your reader, and friend,

E. B.

LEONORA; A SPANISH STORY.

IMITATED FROM AN ORIGINAL UNTRANSLATED TALE OF CERVANTES.

ONE summer's night, when the moon shone with unclouded clearness, at about eleven o'clock, a poor old gentleman returned from taking his walk out of the gates of the city of Toledo, with his wife, on whose arm he leant, his daughter eighteen years of age, and a maid who was his only servant. This old gentleman, indigent

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and virtuous, was named Don Pedro; his wife, Donna Maria; his daughter, whose figure was celestial, and whose soul was still more beautiful, was called Leonora.

At that very instant issued out of the city, to take the air, a young nobleman just turned of twenty, named Anselmo, who imagined that his

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birth and fortune exempted him from good manners. He was just risen from table, attended by his companions in debauchery, and they were all heated with wine. This noisy troop soon met the old Don and his family: it was the meeting of wolves and sheep.

These young people stop and look insolently at the good mother and her daughter. One of them embraces the maid; the old gentleman wishes to say a word, he is insulted; he, with a trembling hand, draws his sword; Don Anselmo laughing, disarms him, seizes the young lady, and with the assistance of his guilty friends carries her off towards the city.

Whilst the old Don Pedro stood imprecating his own feebleness, Donna Maria was uttering piercing cries, and the maid tearing her hair, the unfortunate Leonora fainted in the arms of Anselmo, who, arrived at his palace, opens a secret door, dismisses his friends, and gains his apartment with his victim. He enters without a light and without being seen by any of his servants; he locks the door, and before Leonora has recovered her senses, he consummates the greatest crime that can be committed by drunkenness and brutality.

Anselmo, after having satiated his desires, remained a few moments undecided as to what he should then do? he doubtless felt some remorse when Leonora recovered. The most perfect obscurity reigned in the apartment; she sighs, she trembles, and calls in a feeble tone, My mother! my mother! where are you? My father! answer me.—Where am I?—What bed is this?—O my God, have you forsaken me? Does any one hear me? Am I in my grave?—Ah! wretched! would to heaven!—

Anselmo at this moment seized her hand; she shrieks, escapes with precipitation, and after a few paces falls on the floor. Anselmo follows her. Then, on her knees, and in a lamentable accent, interrupted by sobs and groans,—O you, says she, whoever you are, you who are the cause of my sufferings, you who have made me a most miserable and despicable creature, if you retain the least sentiment of honour, if you are susceptible of pity, I supplicate you, I conjure you to take my life: you have no other means of repairing the mischief you have done me. In the name of heaven, in the name of all you love, if you love any thing, kill me. You can do it without the least peril: we are without witness, no one will know your crime; it will not be so great as that which you have committed; and I believe, yes, I believe I can pardon you every thing if you grant me this death, now my only resource.

In saying these words, she dragged herself on the floor to embrace the knees of Anselmo.

Anselmo, without making any answer, went out of the room, locked the door, and doubtless went to assure himself that nobody in his house, or in the street, was in the way to oppose him in the design he meditated.

As soon as he is gone, Leonora rises, approaches the walls, and gropes till she finds a window, which she opens in order to throw herself out. A strong iron lattice prevents her: but the moonlight penetrates into the room. Leonora remains motionless, a prey to her reflections, and, looking round, carefully examines the apartment, takes notice of the furniture, the pictures, the tapestry, and on an Oratory discovers a small gold crucifix, which she takes and hides in her bosom. After which, putting the shutters to, she, in darkness attends the barbarian who is to decide her fate.

Anselmo in a short time returned: he was alone, and always without a light. He approached Leonora, tied a handkerchief over her eyes, without speaking a word takes her by the hand and leads her down stairs, out of the house, and into the street, and after many turnings and windings, arrives at the door of the cathedral, quits the arm of the unfortunate girl, and precipitately flies.

Leonora remained some time without daring to remove the handkerchief which covered her eyes. At last, not hearing the least noise, she takes it off, and looks round her. Seeing herself alone at the church door, which she was well acquainted with, her first motion was to drop on her knees, and offer a fervent prayer to God. Her prayer finished, she rose and trembling returned to Don Pedro's house. That unhappy father, together with his disconsolate spouse, was bewailing his daughter at the time. He hears a knock, runs to the door, sees Leonora, and clasps her round the neck, with a shout of joy.

The mother hearing this, runs out, and rushes into the arms of her daughter; they both embrace her, and talk to her both at the same time, they both call her their beloved child, their only joy, the only support of their old age; both together bathing her in tears multiply their questions, and do not allow her time to answer them.

The sorrowful Leonora, after yielding to these tender transports, throws herself at the feet of her father, and with downcast eyes, and a blushing countenance, recounted all that had happened. She was hardly able to finish the recital.

The old Don Pedro raised her, and pressed her to his breast. My dearest daughter, says he, dishonour is only attached to crimes, and thou hast not committed any. Interrogate thy conscience; can it reproach thee for the least evil

action, word, or thought? No, my daughter, thou art still the same, thou art always my virtuous Leonora; and my paternal heart esteems, respects, venerates thee perhaps more than before thy misfortune.

Leonora soothed by these words, ventures to lift her eyes to her father: she shewed him the crucifix which she had brought away, with the hope that it might at some future period be the means of discovering her ravisher. The old man fixed his eyes stedfastly on the crucifix and shed tears on it. O my God, said he, may thy eternal justice vouchsafe to let me know the barbarian who has thus injured my dearest half, may it let me behold him; and, notwithstanding my gray hairs, notwithstanding my feebleness, I am sure I shall avenge this outrage with his guilty blood.

The transports of Don Pedro redoubled the affliction of Leonora; her good mother tries to appease her, wrests the crucifix from the old man, and he forgets his anger, to return to comforting his daughter.

After some time devoted to weeping, the unfortunate Leonora seemed to acquire some tranquillity; she never went out of the house—she fancied every body would read her injury in her face. Alas! she soon had more cruel motives for secluding herself.

Leonora perceived she was pregnant; and her father and mother could hardly persuade her not to lose her life. She was several days without tasting any food; at last, for the love of her parents, and out of respect to her own maternal state, she consented to endure her sufferings.

When the term approached, Don Pedro hired a small country-house, where they retired without any servant. With the assistance of her mother, Leonora was delivered of a beautiful boy; Don Pedro himself carried it to be christened, and it was called after him. The mother soon recovered her health; her tenderness for her son was so lively, the sight of the child became so necessary to her existence, that it was resolved the little Pedro should continue in the house, and pass for a nephew of the old man.

They all returned to Toledo, where no one suspected the motive of their absence. The adventure of Anselmo had made no noise; he, shortly after, set out for Naples: and Leonora, respected, beloved by every body, enjoyed the happiness of the maternal, and, at the same time, the honours of a single state.

In the mean time little Pedro grew apace, and became daily more lovely and charming. His sense and his graces were far beyond his age, which was only seven years, when, on a day on which there was to be a grand bull-fight, the child went to his mother's house door to see the young cavaliers who were going thither to fight, pass

by.—He was alone, he attempted to cross the street towards a troop of young people who were coming that way: at the instant one of them galloped past and rode over little Pedro. The poor child remained lying on the stones, crying and losing much blood from a wound on the head by a horse-shoe. The passengers flock round, when a venerable nobleman, attended by several servants, happened to pass by, in his way to the Amphitheatre; he sees the child, runs to him, takes him in his arms, kisses him, caresses him, wipes the blood off his face, sends for the principal surgeon of the city, and quitting the croud, he takes the child home with him.

Whilst this was passing, Don Pedro and his family heard of the accident. Leonora, almost frantic, ran into the street crying out for her son. Her father could hardly follow her, and she paid no regard to his entreaties not to call the child her's. Every body pitied them, and pointed out the way the nobleman went. They run, they fly to his palace. They ascend crying to the chamber where the child was already under the hands of the surgeon. Leonora gets there first, rushes towards him, presses him to her bosom, bathes him in tears, and wishes to see his wound. The amiable child, who was still crying, began to smile when he saw his mother, and, caressing her, assures her he does not ail any thing.

The surgeon examines the wound, which he finds nowise dangerous. Leonora makes him repeat this a hundred times, whilst Don Pedro and his lady return thanks to the nobleman, telling him that the child is their little nephew, and seek to palliate the extreme love which their daughters show for him.

At last, after Leonora had sufficiently embraced little Pedro, after she was quite certain his life was not in the least danger, she sits down on the bed, and casts her eyes round the room.

What was her surprise in recognising the same furniture, the same pictures, that she had observed by moon-light! She sees the same Oratory from which she had taken the crucifix—the tapestry is the same—nothing is changed in the apartment—Leonora is convinced she is in the very room into which she was taken by her ravisher.

She now becomes, as it were, stupified; she grows pale, then blushes deeply, and at last faints. They all endeavour to succour her. The surgeon assists in her recovery, and she is sent home in a carriage: they went to take the child too, but the old nobleman opposes this; he requests, he begs it may be left with him, till perfectly cured. Don Pedro, fully engaged about his daughter, yields to the solicitation, and returns home with his wife and Leonora.

No sooner were they alone, than Leonora told them all she had observed, and assured them that the house they had been in, was that to which her ravisher had carried her. Don Pedro immediately went out to procure as much information as he could, about matters so highly interesting to him: he already knew that the old Count's family name was Don Diego de Lara: he soon learnt that he has an only son called Anselmo, that that son is at Naples, where he has been nearly eight years, and that it was said his residence in Italy had rendered him as prudent and well-behaved, as heretofore he had been wild and licentious. To which was added, that young nobleman was the handsomest and most amiable man of the place, and the richest match in Castille.

Don Pedro returned with this news to his wife and daughter. They could not doubt but Anselmo was the man who had dishonoured Leonora; but could they flatter themselves he would repair the outrage by bestowing his hand on a person who, though noble, was the poorest in Toledo? Don Pedro could not hope it, and was already meditating vengeance. Leonora supplicated him to let her manage this business, and not to interfere till she required him. The old man was very loath to make such a promise; but at last he yielded, and Leonora was easier.

She maturely considered what course she ought to pursue. Her child was still with Don Diego, who treated him with the greatest care and kindness. His wound was healing fast, and his mother, Don Pedro and his wife, spent their days with him.

One day when Leonora was alone with Don Diego, whilst the good old gentleman was holding little Pedro in his arms, kissing and caressing him, and talking with peculiar pleasure of the lively and tender affection which attached him to that child. Leonora could not restrain her tears, and vainly endeavoured to conceal them. Don Diego asked her what occasioned them to flow with so much interest and friendship, that at last Leonora, with downcast eyes, and with sobs, told him all that had passed in his house; showed him the crucifix, which he perfectly remembered; and ended by falling at his feet.—Your son, said she, has dishonoured me, and I embrace your knees: your son has condemned me to disgrace and misery, and I cannot help loving you as the most tender father.

Little Pedro, who sees Leonora weep, falls himself at the feet of Don Diego, and with stretched-out arms, prays him not to afflict his good friend; so he called his mother.

Don Diego could no longer resist this moving spectacle: he, sobbing, raised Leonora and her son, he clasps them in his arms, and swears that

Anselmo shall have no other spouse than Leonora.

On that very day he writes to his son to return to Toledo, where he had met with a suitable match for him. Anselmo sets off, and arrives at his father's house. It was agreed that neither Leonora nor any of her family should be at Don Diego's when Anselmo was expected to arrive.

After the first moments given to the pleasures of meeting, Don Diego mentioned to his son the intended marriage, which, as he said, he had contracted for him. He enlarged on the immense riches of his future spouse, and ended with showing him a frightful portrait, which had been purposely painted. Anselmo drew back with horror, and endeavoured to persuade his father, that it would be impossible for him to love such a woman. But Don Diego, in a severe tone, replied, that fortune was the only point to be regarded in a marriage. Upon which Anselmo, with great eloquence declaimed against such a principle, instanced many unfortunate events produced by it, adding, that he had never desired more than to find a good and beautiful woman, whose fortune he might make, and with whom he might find happiness.

Don Diego, dissembling his joy, feigned to combat his son's opinions, when Leonora, her mother, and little Pedro, who came to sup with Don Diego, were introduced.

Never had Leonora appeared so beautiful; it seemed as if, by divine permission, her beauty and graces were incomparably fascinating. They dazzled the eyes of Anselmo, who eagerly enquired who that charming lady was. His father pretended not to hear his question; but on advancing to receive the two ladies, he was grievously struck with beholding the countenance of Leonora assume a deadly paleness, which, together with the trembling of her hands, which he held in his, indicated that the sight of Anselmo would soon cause her to faint. In spite of all her efforts and courage, the affected Leonora immediately fell down motionless; and Anselmo flies to her assistance with an ardour and interest which his venerable father is delighted to behold.

At last she recovers her senses: the company sit down to table, and during the whole suppertime Anselmo's eyes were incessantly rivetted on Leonora. She perceived it, and casts her eyes downwards: she speaks little; but whatever she says is uttered with such a bewitching grace, and likewise in such a strain of affecting melancholy, as continually increased the charm which irresistibly attached Anselmo to her. Little Pedro also, who was placed near his father, could not help looking at him, unceasingly prattling to

him, and thus exciting his attention and friendship, made Anselmo say, that the father of such a child ought to esteem himself very happy.

They rise from table; Anselmo, deeply smitten with the charms of Leonora, draws his father aside, and tells him in a respectful, but decided tone, that nothing shall ever force him to marry her whose portrait he had seen. It must, however, be done, said the old nobleman, unless thou preferrest that young and noble lady thou hast been supping with.—Ah! exclaimed Anselmo, I should be the happiest of men, if she condescended to accept my hand!—And I the happiest of fathers, if my son, by these nuptials, repaired the crime he is sullied with!

He then recounted to Anselmo all he knows, and drawing from his bosom the golden crucifix: There, my son, says he, there is the witness, and judge of the horrible crime you have committed; there is the emblem of him who will never pardon you till you have obtained the pardon of Leonora.

Anselmo hears, blushes, and runs to cast himself at the feet of Leonora. I have deserved your contempt, cried he; but if the most respectful love, if the most sincere repentance, are worthy of some grace, do not refuse my pardon. Consider that one word from your mouth will render me for ever the vilest and most unhappy of men, or the most tender and happiest of husbands.

Leonora regarded him a moment in silence, her eyes swimming in tears; then turning to little Pedro, she takes him in her arms, and places him in those of his father. There is my answer, said she, with a faltering voice: may that child give you as much happiness as you have caused misery to its mother!

Immediately a priest, Don Pedro, a notary and two witnesses were sent for: the happy marriage was concluded the same evening; and Anselmo, returned to virtue, experienced that there is no happiness but in mutual and honourable love.

SELICO; AN AFRICAN NOVEL.

If we might suppose, as the Parsis say, that this universe is submitted to two principles, of which one performs the little good we find in it, and the other, all the evil with which it abounds, we should be tempted to believe that, above all in Africa, the evil principle exerts its power. No country produces so many poisonous plants, wild beasts, and venomous reptiles. The little we know of the history of Morocco, of the negroes of Ardra, of the Jaggas, of other nations along the coast down to the country of the Hot-tentots, must singularly resemble the history of lions, panthers, serpents, so worthy to share that burning soil with those cannibal kings who send the flesh of their prisoners to the shambles.

In the midst of these disgusting horrors, amongst those sanguinary monsters, of whom some sell their children, and others eat their captives, there is sometimes a natural justice found, real virtue, constancy in torments, and a generous contempt of death. Such examples, however rare, are sufficient to interest us for those degraded beings, to remind us that they are men: thus, in a parched desert, two or three patches of verdure, which the traveller discovers from afar, console him and remind him he is still on earth.

In the kingdom of Juida, situated on the coast of Guinea, beyond the Cape of Three Points, not far from the city of Sabi, its capital, there lived, in 1727, a poor widow named Darina. She was mother of three sons, whom she had brought up with a tenderness, happily common in nature, but rare in those climates, where children are regarded as an object of commerce, and sold for slaves by their unnatural parents. The eldest of these sons was named Gubéri, the second Teloué, the last Selico. All three were good and sensible: they adored their good mother, who, grown old and infirm, lived only by their care.—The riches of that family consisted in a cottage where they lived together, and a small contiguous field which produced the maize they fed on. Every morning, each in his turn, one of the three brothers went a hunting, the other laboured in the field, the third remained with his mother. In the evening they all met. The hunter brought home partridges, parrots, and sometimes a honeycomb; the cultivator returned with plantains, bananas, yams, and other roots, with cocoa-nuts, and fruits. He who had remained at home had prepared the common repast: they supped all four together, and strove

who should be most attentive to their mother; they afterwards received her blessing, and lying down on straw, resigned themselves to sleep till the day-break.

Selico, the youngest brother, often went to the city to carry the first-fruits of the crops, the offerings of this poor family, to the temple of the principal God of the country. That God, as is well known, is a great serpent, of the species of those named *Feliches*, which have no venom, do no harm, but on the contrary devour the venomous serpents, and are so greatly venerated in Juida, that to kill a single one would be looked on as a horrible crime: so that the number of those sacred serpents is infinitely multiplied; in the midst of towns and villages, in every part of the houses, these Gods are found, who come familiarly and eat at the same table with their adorers, sleep near their hearth, and bring forth young in their bed; which last favour is esteemed as a most fortunate presage.

Among the negroes of Juida, Selico was the blackest, the best shaped, and the most amiable: he had seen in the temple of the grand serpent, the young Berissa, daughter of the high priest, who, by her figure, her beauty, her graces, surpassed all her companions. Selico burnt for her, and Selico was beloved: every Wednesday, the day consecrated by the negroes to repose and religion, the young lover went to the temple, he spent the day near his dear Berissa; he talked to her about his mother, about his love, and the happiness they would enjoy when united. Berissa did not conceal from him that she longed for that time; and her father, the old Farulho, who approved those tender ties, and promised, while embracing them, very soon to crown their tenderness.

At last the so much wished for period approached; the day was fixed; the mother of Selico, and his two brothers, had already prepared the cabin for the happy pair, when the famous Turo Audati, King of Dahomai, whose rapid conquests have been celebrated even in Europe, invaded the kingdom of Ardra, exterminated its inhabitants; and, advancing at the head of his formidable army, he only halted at the border of the great river which separated him from the King of Juida, who, being a feeble and cowardly prince, governed by his women and his ministers, did not even think of opposing any troops to those of the conqueror: he fancied

that the gods of the country were able to guard it from invasion, and ordered all the *Fetiche* serpents that could be found to be conveyed to the river's brink. The Dahomai King surprised, and irritated at having only reptiles to combat, swims across the river with his soldiers, gains the opposite shore; and in a short time all the gods, from whom miracles were expected, are cut to pieces, broiled on charcoal, and devoured by the vanquishers. Upon which the King of Juda, having no hope of being saved by any effort he might make, abandoned his capital, and fled to a distant island, where he secreted himself; and the warriors of Audati, spreading over all his states, with fire and sword, burnt the harvests, the villages, the towns, and without the least pity, massacred every thing they found alive.

Terror had dispersed the few natives who had escaped the slaughter: the three brothers, as the conquerors drew near, had carried off their mother, and hidden themselves in the woods. Selico would not leave Darina while she remained exposed to danger; but he no sooner found her placed in safety, than, trembling for Berissa, he ran back to Sabi, to save her, or to perish with her. Sabi had just been taken by the Dahomais; the streets flowed with blood, the houses were plundered and destroyed; the king's palace, the temple of the serpent, were now only smoking ruins, covered with scattered carcasses, of which the barbarians, as is their custom, had carried away the heads. The unfortunate Sélico, desperate, wishing for death, braved it a thousand times among the soldiers drunk with brandy and blood; Sélico traversed the frightful ruins, seeking Berissa and Farulho, calling them with lamentable cries, yet was not able to recognise their bodies among so many mutilated trunks.

After having devoted five days to this horrid search, and no longer doubting that Berissa and her father had been the victims of the ferocious Dahomais, Selico returned to his mother. He found her in the wood where he had left her with his brothers. The gloomy sorrow of Selico, his air, his wild looks, terrified the afflicted family. Darina deplored his ill fortune; she attempted consolation, to which he appeared insensible; he rejected all food, and resolved to starve himself to death.

Gubéri and Teloué did not seek to dissuade him by reasons or caresses; but they showed him their ancient mother, who had no longer house, nor bread, who had nothing in the world but her children; and asked, if at this sight he did not still feel courage to live.

Selico promised it: Sélico strove to think on nothing but on sharing with his two brothers the tender care they took of the old woman.

They retired deeper into the woods, to a greater

distance from Sabi; built themselves a cabin in a remote valley; and by hunting supplied as well as they could their want of maize, and of garden vegetables.

Bereft of their bows, their arrows, and other necessities which they had not time to take with them, they very soon felt the wants of misery. Fruits were very scarce in that forest, and what little there grew, was contended for by the prodigious number of apes and monkeys. The earth produced only grass. They had no instruments to till it with, no seed to sow in it.

The rainy season set in, and horrible famine attacked them. The poor mother, always suffering on a bed of dried leaves, did not complain, but she lay dying. Her sons, extenuated through hunger, were no longer able to go into the woods which were deluged: they set snares for the small birds which came near their cabin; and when they happened to catch one, which was very rarely, as they had not even a bait, they carried it to their mother, and offered it to her, attempting to smile; and the mother would not touch it because she could not share it with her children.

Three months passed without bringing any alteration in this terrible situation. Forced at last to contrive something, the three brothers deliberated unknown to Darina. Gubéri first proposed to journey towards the coast, and there, at the first European factory, one of them should sell himself for a slave, in order to purchase with the money maize, bread, instruments of agriculture, bows, arrows, and what might be necessary for their mother. The two brothers remained in sullen silence.

To part, to quit each other for ever, to become a slave to the whites! those ideas made them shudder. Who shall be sold? cried Teloué, with a sorrowful accent. Chance shall decide it, replied Gubéri; let us cast three unequal pebbles into this clay vase; let us mix them together; he who draws the smallest shall be the unfortunate.—No, brother, interrupted Selico: chance has already pronounced; it is I whom it rendered the most unfortunate: you forget, then, that I have lost Berissa, that you hindered me from dying, by telling me that I should be useful to my mother. Keep your word; now is the time; sell me.

Gubéri and Teloué in vain opposed the generous design of their brother: Sélico repelled their prayers, refused to draw lots, and threatened to set off alone, if they would not accompany him. The two eldest at last yielded. It was agreed that Gubéri should stay with his mother, that Teloué should go with Sélico to the Dutch fort, where he would receive the price of his brother's liberty, and that he should afterwards re-

turn with the provisions and other things which were necessary.

During this agreement, Sélico was the only one who did not weep; but what pains did he not take to retain, to hide his tears, when he was to leave his mother, bid her an eternal farewell, embrace her for the last time, and yet deceive her, in swearing he would soon return with Teloué; that they only went to visit their old dwelling, and see whether they might return thither.

The good old woman believed them; she could not however tear herself from the arms of her sons; she already trembled at the dangers they were going to brave; and, from an involuntary foresight, she attempted to run after Sélico when he was out of sight.

The two young brothers, of which it was not easy to distinguish the most to be pitied, arrived in a few days at the city of Sabi. Murders had ceased, peace began to be restored; the King of Dahomai, now the tranquil possessor of the states of Juida, was desirous of making the trade with the Europeans flourish, and for that purpose invited them within his walls. Many English and French merchants were admitted to the court of the monarch, who sold them his numerous prisoners, and divided the lands of the vanquished among his soldiers.

Teloué soon found a merchant who offered him a hundred crowns for his young brother.

Whilst he was hesitating, trembling in all his members, and disputing about this horrible bargain, a trumpet is heard in the square, and a public crier proclaims, with a loud voice, that the King of Dahomai promises four hundred ounces of gold, to whoever would deliver up, living, a strange unknown negro, who, the preceding night, had dared to profane the Seraglio of the monarch, and had towards day-break escaped through the arrows of his guards.

Sélico hears this proclamation, makes a sign to Teloué not to conclude with the merchant; and, drawing his brother aside, says to him, in a firm tone:

Thou art to sell me; and I have willed it, to enable my mother to live; but the moderate sum that white man has offered thee, cannot make her rich. Four hundred ounces of gold would insure a handsome fortune to Darina and you: we must earn them, brother; you must immediately bind me, and take me to the king, as the culprit he seeks. Do not be frightened; I know as well as thou dost, what cruel punishment awaits me, I have calculated its duration, it can hardly exceed an hour: when my mother brought me into the world, she suffered longer.

Teloué, trembling, could make no answer;

penetrated with terror, with tenderness, he falls on his knees, presses him, supplicates him in the name of his mother, of Berissa, by all he ever loved, to renounce that terrible design. Of whom speakest thou? replies Sélico, with a ghastly smile. I have lost Berissa; I wish to rejoin her; I save my mother, I enrich my brothers for ever, I spare myself a slavery which may last forty years. My choice is made, do not thwart me any longer, or I shall go and surrender myself. Thou wilt lose the fruit of my death, and thou wilt cause the misery of her to whom we owe life.

Intimidated by the air and the tone with which Sélico pronounced these last words, Teloué dares not reply; he obeys his brother, procures cords, fastens both his arms behind his back, and in tying the knots waters them with his tears; and then marches with him to the king's palace.

Stopped by the outer guard, he demands to speak to the monarch. He is introduced. The King of Dahomai, covered with gold and precious stones, was reclining on a sofa between two of his favourite women, who were dressed in petticoats of brocade, and from the waist upwards naked. The ministers, the *grandeas*, the captains superbly clothed, were lying prostrate about twenty paces from the king; the bravest were distinguished by necklaces of human teeth, every one of which testified a victory; many women, with muskets on their shoulders, stood sentry at the doors of the apartment: large jars of gold, filled with palm-wine, brandy, and other strong liquors, were placed confusedly at a little distance from the king, and the hall was paved with the skulls of his enemies.

Sovereign of the world, said Teloué, bending his forehead to the earth, I am come according to thy sacred commands to surrender into thy hands ——. He cannot proceed, his voice expires on his lips. The king interrogates him, he is not able to answer: Sélico then speaks.

King of Dahomai, says he, thou seest before thee the culprit who, hurried on by a fatal passion, penetrated last night into thy Seraglio. He who holds me in chains, was for a long time my friend, so that I trusted him with my secret. Out of zeal for thy service, he has betrayed friendship; he surprised me in my sleep, loaded me with bonds, and is come to demand his reward; give it to him, the wretch has earned it.

The king, without deigning to answer him, makes a sign to one of his ministers, who seizes him, delivers him to the armed women, and gives the four hundred ounces of gold to Teloué; who thus laden with gold which he shudders at touching, runs to purchase provisions, and

returns precipitately to carry them to his mother. —Already, by the monarch's order, preparations were made for the dreadful punishment which in Juida is inflicted on those who commit adultery with any of the king's wives. Two wide ditches are dug close together. In that which is intended for the guilty spouse, the unfortunate woman is bound to a stake, and all the women of the Seraglio, in their best array, carrying large jugs of boiling water, empty them all over her head, to the music of flutes and drums, till she expires. The other ditch contains a pile of wood, over which is fixed a long iron bar, supported by two elevated posts: the criminal is chained along that bar, the pile is set fire to; and as the flames only just reach him, he perishes in extreme torment, gradually burning.

The place was full of people. The whole military force, armed with guns and darts, formed a square battalion. The priests were waiting for the two victims, in order to impose hands on them, and devote them to death. They arrived from different parts, conducted by the armed women. Sélico, calm and resigned, walked with upright head. When he got near the priest, he could not refrain from casting his eyes on his unfortunate partner. With what surprise, with what grief did he not recognise Berissa! He cried out, attempts to rush towards her, but is prevented by the executioners.

This movement soon gives place to indignation. Wretch! says he to himself, whilst I was bewailing her, whilst I sought death, with the hope of rejoining her, she was of the number of those vile mistresses who contend for the heart of a tyrant! Not contented with betraying love, she was at the same time unfaithful to her master, she deserved the opprobrious appellation of adulteress, and the punishment which awaits her crime! Oh, my mother! for thee only I die, I think only on thee.

At that moment, the miserable Berissa, who has just recognised Sélico, shrieks, calls the priests, and with a loud voice declares that the young man who is going to suffer is not he who penetrated into the Seraglio! she swears it, in the face of Heaven, by the mountains, by the thunder, the most sacred of their oaths. The intimidated priests suspend the execution, and send to acquaint the king with the event, who immediately repairs to the place.

The monarch approached Berissa with anger and indignation: Slave, says he, with a terrible voice, thou who disdainest the love of thy master, thou whom I wished to elevate to the rank of my favourite spouse, and whom I have suffered to live, notwithstanding thy refusal, what can be thy intention in daring to deny the crime of thy accomplice? Dost thou hope to save him?

If he be not thy lover, discover him, guilty woman; surrender him to my justice and I will release the innocent.

King of Dahomai, replies Berissa, already tied to the fatal stake, I could not accept thy heart; I had none to bestow: I did not fear telling thee so. Thinkest thou that she who has not told a falsity to share a crown, can tell one on the point of dying: No, I have owned every thing; I renew my avowal. A man last night did penetrate into my apartment, and did not retire till day-break, but it was not this man. Thou requirest me to name him. I ought not, nor will I: I am prepared to die: I know that nothing can save me, and I only prolong these terrible moments to hinder thee from committing a crime. I again swear to thee, King of Dahomai, the blood of this innocent will be upon thy head. Let him be freed, and punish me. I have nothing more to say.

The king was struck with the words of Berissa, with the tone in which they were spoken; he gave no orders, he hung his head down, and was surprised at the secret repugnance which for once he felt to shed a little blood. But reflecting that the negro had accused himself; attributing the interest which Berissa had testified for him, to her love, his fury is rekindled. He makes a sign to the executioners: the pile is set fire to, the women approach with their vessels of boiling water; when an old man, panting, out of breath, covered with wounds and dust, suddenly breaks his way through the crowd, and falls at the feet of the king.

Stop, says he, stop; it is I that am the culprit, I scaled the walls of thy Seraglio to carry off my daughter. I was formerly the chief priest of the God who was adored here; my daughter was torn from my arms, and conducted to thy palace. I have ever since sought an opportunity to see her again. Last night I attained my end. She in vain attempted to follow me, thy guards perceived us. I escaped alone from among the arrows which have wounded me as thou seest. I offer thee thy victim, and am come to die with her, for whose sake only I wished to live.

He had hardly concluded, when the king commands the priests to loosen the two supposed criminals, and bring them before him. He interrogates Sélico; he wants to know what powerful motive could engage him to seek such a painful death. Sélico, whose heart palpitated with joy to find Berissa constant, boldly reveals every thing to the monarch: he recounts his misfortunes, the indigence of his mother, and his resolution to gain the four hundred ounces of gold for her. Berissa and her father heard him with tears of admiration; the chiefs, the soldiers, the populace were affected; the king felt tears flow.

ing, which had never before bathed his cheeks: such is the charm of virtue, it is adored even by barbarians.

After having heard Sélico, the king holds out his hand to him, raises him up; and turning himself towards the European merchants who were present at this spectacle; you, says he, whom wisdom, experience, the lights of a long state of civilization, have so well taught how much, within a crown-piece, a man may be worth, at how much do you estimate that man? The merchants blushed at that question. A young Frenchman boldly cried out: ten thousand crowns of gold.

Let them be given to Berissa, replied the king

directly, and with that sum not purchase, but espouse Sélico.

After these orders, the King of Dahomai retired, wondering at feeling a pleasure which he had never before known.

Farulho on the same day gave his daughter to Sélico. The happy pair accompanied him the next day with their treasure on their return to Darina. She thought she should die with joy, as did the two brothers of Sélico. That virtuous family was never more parted; enjoyed its riches, and, in a barbarous country, were long the most noble example which Heaven can bestow upon earth, that of opulence and happiness produced solely by virtue.
